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THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

FREDKES PUBLISHER

DESIGNED BY

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

The Mirror

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THE MIRROR'S appreciation of Maude Adams as the *Duc de Reichstadt*, and its impressionistic analysis of the personality of Sara Bernhardt, will be printed together under the caption, "THE TWO EAGLETS," in the issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS for May. They are reprinted by request of many readers of this paper who liked them at the time of their appearance. The articles are of especial value to lovers of the theater and of interest to those who are concerned with the subtleties of "the eternal feminine."

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.



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THE CRISIS.

A ST. LOUIS NOVEL BY A ST. LOUIS MAN.

M R. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S third novel, "The Crisis," published by the Macmillan Co., New York, is all the rage. It is a story of St. Louis just before and during the war.

As a story one must say that it is interesting, but one must also say that it is not strikingly original in motive. It is trite as to plot. The story of the love of a Montague and a Capulet again. A rebel girl loves, against her will almost, a Northern man. The course of true love does not run smooth—but in the end all is well. You know how it's all going to end, from the very first. And yet you read it through, as I did, at one sitting. What more do you want of a story than that?

But let us for once assume the role of "the Devil behind the leaves" and consider the matter, "but is it art?"

Mr. Churchill is steeped in Thackeray. His whole form is Thackerayan. "The Crisis" is such a sequel to "Richard Carvel" as "The Virginians" is to "Henry Esmond." We have the *Carvels* of Virginia moved out to St. Louis, bringing with them all the airs of the Cavaliers and, of course, sympathizing with the South and its institutions. Mr. Churchill does as Thackeray does—drops his story, from time to time, to homilize. Sometimes his homiletics are good, often they are prosy, again and again they are bathetic, and still more often the strain for fine writing is evident. Thus Mr. Churchill has provided many places that you can skip with great pleasure. "The Crisis" is a book that would be ninety per cent better if it were boiled down about sixty per cent.

And yet the work is one that has dignity. It is a work that is done in a spirit of high consciousness of art. It is a book written by a man who feels the matter in hand sincerely. The writing commands one's respect. The essay is an ambitious one and maugre the defects alluded to above, or to be picked out later, the total impression is one of respect for the young man who has undertaken seriously to give us a picture of a time and a place and conditions which were filled full of mighty, various life. It is a great picture Mr. Churchill has given us. To my thinking it is the best book we have yet had about the war and its strain upon fine natures in a territory that was debatable land between North and South. As said above, the story is not unique. The book's value is more as a sort of historical document. It pictures for us vividly the gradual rising of the tide of feeling on the slavery question which culminated in the most stupendous conflict in history. In "The Crisis" the social conditions in St. Louis from, let us say, 1857 to 1865 are portrayed for us with a remarkable fidelity. The Cavalier and Puritan met in St. Louis, and they divided on the slavery issue, sharply. They did not separate suddenly. The breach gradually widened, and both sides saw it with regret, but were powerless to stop it. Men tried to be friends, but they could not as the issue was more sharply defined. The hot-tempered Cavalier and the determined Puritan and the Soothing Syrup folks, who thought the conflict could be averted, are as alive in this book as they ever will be in any story of the war. And the author makes us feel quite intensely the splendid part the hated and despised Germans played in saving Missouri to the Union. The character of Silas Whipple, the Abolitionist, is exceptionally well drawn,—gruff, cross, earnest, yet with an underlying gentleness and a high nobility of soul. Mr. Carvel is his foil. Mr. Carvel is the equally high-souled, but more polished gentleman. Jinny Carvel is the typical Southern girl, only with a strain of common sense temper-

ing her Southern sentimentalism. She saw where the fault of the South lay. It was brave; it was devoted; it was fine-tempered. But it could not do things other than fight and enjoy life—and, in the end, suffer splendidly. She saw that the end of all was the triumph of the men who could do things, who could work. Chivalry and grace and breeding were fine, of course, but the workers were the ones who would win in the strife. From the first she saw that Stephen Brice, the Massachusetts Yankee, who bought with his last money the negro girl she had wanted, was a better man in all that makes for manhood, than her handsome, idle, brave cousin Clarence Colfax. She found her sense and her sympathy at war. She thought she hated Brice, and she became almost enraged at his inevitableness, at the manner in which his character so continually asserted itself as to be inescapable. The more she tried to draw away from him, the more he compelled her slowly, subtly to love him. The Yankee heroism was something less spectacular than that of the South. It lacked the theatrical touch. It was of the common people—at least of those whom the wealthy, aristocratic Southerners thought common. And yet one loves those Southerners for their pride of conviction that they were lords of the earth. There were thousands of Jinny Carvels in the South—impetuous, high-strung, beautiful, contemptuous of those outside their class, yet ever truly womanly, and always strong to meet the accumulating disaster of the war.

The study which Mr. Churchill made of St. Louis must have been careful indeed. His book has the very atmosphere of the time. Reading it reminds me wonderfully of what I was told, as a very little boy, of the conditions. His pictures of the business life along the levee, of the social formalities in the homes of the well-to-do, of the evening gatherings in the old Planters' House, are to the life as I have heard the recital from many who were part of that life. The chapter of the slave-auction is almost as vivid to me as was the story my father told me, as a very little boy, when I asked him why he was for Grant for President. He had seen such an auction and it made him a War Democrat. One feels acutely how distinctions were drawn, in that time before the war, between the people who believed in slavery and those who did not. Mrs. Crane's boarding house set is not overdrawn or too highly colored. The Abolitionists were cut off from their kind, and they were not of a gracious manner. And there were many, too many people who, like the contemptible Eliphilet Hopper, carried water on both shoulders, cared nothing for principle, but ever and always put money in their purses. And we all know the Mr. Brinsmade, of Mr. Churchill's book, for that splendid gentleman and philanthropist, Mr. James E. Yeatman, happily still with us and still a living benediction to all who come within the radius of his influence. We all know the Germans who are typified in Carl Richter; indeed we have his prototype with us in Judge Leo Rassieur, present Commander in Chief of the G. A. R. The things, "the unspeakable things," that were by the Southerners supposed to be done in the Turner Halls "over the Rhine," i. e. south of Market street, are set forth with much sympathetic fidelity.

One finds, as one reads, that there is always a suspicion of an adventitious interest in the book. That is to say, one feels in reading that this historical novel is a sort of trick. Would it be so interesting without the personages of historic import that move through its pages—Lincoln and Sherman and Grant and Blair? It is my impression that the interest in those persons is greater than the interest in the story. It is regretted that Mr. Churchill should have given us such a vague glimpse of Frank P. Blair, because Blair was a character of such strong lines that a good presentation of him could not help but be highly effective. In the all too brief sketchiness of the impression of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon

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we have a fine bit of work, though, of course, his glorious but untimely end contributes to making him of but a secondary importance. Still it must be said that Mr. Churchill's treatment of Lyon powerfully suggests him as a man of immense possibilities, a sort of "inheritor of unfulfilled renown."

Lincoln may be said to be the dominant character of the book, the inspiration alike of the hero, *Stephen Brice*, and his patron and friend, *Silas Whipple*. As Mr. Churchill makes *Stephen* describe and interpret Lincoln it is clear the great Emancipator is done as much justice as can be done in fiction. The personality of Lincoln is so familiar to us, his form and manner, his peculiarities are so pronounced that you feel somehow as if the character-drawing were too easy of accomplishment. He is the uncouth, sad, coarse, tender, "common," distinguished, plain, great man we all know. But Mr. Churchill puts Lincoln in his setting, and he makes him truly part of it. The occasion when Lincoln put the famous question to Douglas that brought forth the reply known as "the Freeport Heresy," is a remarkably fine and strong chapter of this book. The scenes in which Lincoln mingles with the crowd, the discussion with Joseph Medill, the anecdotes that come in are all "in character" to the minutest detail. The passage in which *Stephen* first hears Lincoln make a speech is done something in the Lincoln manner. *Stephen's* pity for the man, waking to interest, then surprise, then passionate approval, and finally veneration are displayed for us with a power that shows Mr. Churchill to be a writer of insight and sympathy and force. But, in my opinion, Mr. Churchill is even better treating of Lincoln when he makes *Silas Whipple* talk of him. The Lincoln of *Stephen* is a grand figure. The Lincoln apprehended of *Silas Whipple* is sublime and sacred, and as you read the words you can feel the weight of sorrows upon that great blithe heart, and can even almost hear and see the coming tragedy of Good Friday night. Lincoln is a figure in this story that is true to history. To my thinking, however, there is too much stress at one wrong occasion upon the anecdotic Lincoln. There is something forced and strained, it seems to me, in Lincoln's stories told to *Jinny Carvel* when she calls upon him to pardon her cousin, *Colfax*, sentenced to death for having been captured as a spy in Sherman's camp. I don't think that Lincoln could have told so many stories at one sitting to a Southern girl pleading for a cousin's life. There is something incongruous in this incident, even though one admits that this incongruity was such a strong note in Lincoln's character. But that is a beautiful touch in which "Honest Abe" says, at the end, that he has not suffered from but with the South. All through the Lincoln picture Mr. Churchill is careful not to be too far carried away. It is gratifying to find him giving consideration to the fact that Lincoln was, besides being a very great soul, a very clever politician. And it is interesting, as marking Mr. Churchill's delicacy in effects, to observe the use he makes of the simple fact that Douglas, at Lincoln's inauguration, held Lincoln's hat.

The portraiture of Grant is not so good. Emphasis is laid only upon a few points of Grant, his curious shiftlessness, his laziness, his taciturnity, his decision. Grant is somewhat shadowy, and—if it must be confessed,—there are symptoms of triviality in the treatment. Grant is very incidental to the story, so much so as to be, in a way, disappointing. He does not impress himself upon the reader as the reader feels he should, and while there are details enough, such as the brand of cigar he smoked, the slovenliness of his appearance, the wood-wagon and his corner in the Planters', they are scarcely vital. The picture is "made up." It is pieced together. You don't get the man: you get patches of him and they don't body him forth as you feel he must have been, even under his most unfavorable aspects while living on "Hardscrabble Farm," out on the Gravois road.

Mr. Churchill's Sherman is better. Here's "Old Tecumseh" himself—just as I knew him when, as a boy reporter, I interviewed him, long after the time in which this story was laid; just as I remember, as a still smaller boy,

to have seen him walking on Broadway in the middle seventies. This is the Sherman of such positive manner, the Sherman with a peculiar boyish sprightliness, the Sherman that was so volatile, almost like a Frenchman, compared with Grant—the vain Sherman, but also the great, determined tactician Sherman, with his blunt opinions, with his scorn of the red tape at Washington, with his great regard for Grant, a so different Captain. Mr. Churchill's Sherman is a likeness to a hair. It has a reserved familiarity of estimation all over it. It is the Sherman of the "Memoirs," in the printing of which J. B. McCullagh said the stock of the country's capital I's was exhausted, but it is also the Sherman who was great enough to refuse the Presidency twice when he might have had it.

The chapter describing the capture of Camp Jackson is a brilliant one. It is inspiring, and yet away back of it all there's a little hint of the comic. The capture was so easy and the futility of the fellow who broke his sword rather than give it up, so childish! Yet Camp Jackson won Missouri to the Union, trifling and absurd as it now seems. But it was no trifle to those that saw those days. Mr. Churchill makes you feel the tense unrest, the incipient panic of the people, the dread and hatred of the Dutch. You can catch the electric thrill in the crowd when the prisoners were being marched to town, and can hear the execrations of the Southern sympathizers, see the Hessian fall felled by a stone, hear the volley and see the wounded dropping from the trees. Mr. Churchill tells it just as I have heard it told by an hundred people who were there and saw it, and by one who, to this day, limps from a bullet from those Hessians. The incident is treated at some length that the hero may play his part, humble but important, on that day, but it is treated with marvelous fidelity—even to the playing of "Dixie" by *Jinny Carvel* as the Hessians marched to the camp and her appearance in the rebel colors at her window. That was a favorite trick of spirited women at that time. There was no "Beast" Butler here to meet such comparatively harmless demonstrations in the manner he met them at New Orleans in his famous general order. No one who reads "The Crisis" will fail to feel that, in this old city of St. Louis, in the middle place between East and West, North and South, those were indeed "times to try men's souls." There was no community so divided as this. Churches split upon the issues. Business partnerships dissolved. Sons were disinherited for taking the side opposed to their fathers. The town was a perfect chaos of distrust and intense passion. Here it seemed that the Confederacy was nearest to success. If Missouri had gone out of the Union—who knows? There were secret organizations on both sides. There were Northern sympathizers pretending to be rebels, and rebels pretending to be Yankees. One had to be careful to speak his opinion in a whisper in the street cars. The city of St. Louis was for the Union only because Lyon was bold enough to seize Camp Jackson. That carried the day—saved Missouri. Mr. Churchill makes the reader participate in all these thrilling sensations of a community that was,

more than any other in this broad land at that time, torn by the emotions of the time. Here the North and South had met and mingled and here conviction had fearful struggles with sympathy, duty had a terrible task in severing friendship. Here men parted tearfully to go out to fight each other, and here fanaticism burned more ardently because it was aroused often between those who had been the firmest friends. It makes one tingle with the excitement of it all to read Mr. Churchill's description of it, and especially to see it and feel it with a girl like *Jinny Carvel*, who is, it seems to me, a typical St. Louis girl in her freedom, her colorfulness, her Aprilness, her good sense mingled with womanly prejudice, her reason not wholly strangled by her affections and her intuition telling her, despite her fervor for the South, that the North was right and would win. The St. Louis scenes are full of local color, but it is not laid on too thick. The detail is not too careful. You can almost point out some of the houses referred to, but not quite. The one figure that you know for sure is that of the good *Mr. Brinsmade*, who, true to the Union, did not

fight, but did a nobler work in organizing the Sanitary Commission which did so much to save the soldiery of the Union from fever and other diseases.

Through such an atmosphere and amid such acute passionateness of a people terribly divided the story moves. It moves rapidly and easily, in accord with most of the conventionalities of such war stories. I do not think that *Stephen Brice*, the hero, is as well done as he might be, but then if he were better done he might have been in danger of splashing into the mock heroic. *Stephen* is only a little more sprightly than *George Dobbins* in "Vanity Fair." He is a serious young man, who doesn't much escape being a "poke." *Mr. Carvel* rather overshadows him, and *Silas Whipple* absolutely clutches you. *Eliphabet Hopper* is made nauseating enough to suit anyone, but he is not quite convincing. He's so very mean, you know, as Mr. Churchill tells you, but you don't quite catch the reason for it. It's like *Iago's* "motiveless malignity." Then, you rather think he's a Yankee blend of *Uriah Heep* and *Pecksniff*. The character of the book is the girl *Jinny Carvel*. She is Mr. Winston Churchill's triumph. She is greater than his hero or heroes, than Lincoln, Grant or Sherman. She's a girl of girls, and the wonder is, that it is so, for the outlines of her character are to be found in a thousand stories of girls who love young men they think they hate. She is well done even though blocked out on conventional lines. She asserts herself in defiance of the stock situations in which she is placed. She has carried Mr. Winston Churchill out of and beyond himself, and I suspect, from the tenor of the book, that he did not know that this was happening while he was writing it. But that's the way with our triumphs.

William Marion Reedy.

REFLECTIONS.

The Sects and the Masons

ONE of the sects recently adopted a resolution against secret societies, which means, of course, the Masons. The action was foolish. One need not support the peculiar ethics of Masonry, that truth and charity and kindness shall be an especial trust of an oath-bound few, to see that a resolution condemning the cult of compass and square is of no effect. The Masons can very easily show that their doctrines are as good Christianity as those of their opponents. And if Masons confine their love and kindness to themselves by a process of election, it comes with bad grace from a sect that preaches election and rejection to condemn such a policy. That Masons are good men we all know. That Masonry is a force for good we all know. That the secret business appertaining to the order is mere childish flummery we may suspect, but the great Masonic secrets certainly do no one any harm. People who are initiated into those secrets are not any different for joy or woe from those who have never been taken in. The Masons are not in politics and they don't particularly insist that they are in religion. They don't go about worrying people to join hands with them. They seem to have a great deal of cheerfulness in their esoteric doctrines, and their lodge meetings are usually conceived to culminate in a good time all around. Now if there is any class of people that should be encouraged it is people who incline to cheerfulness. If they play with mysteries and signs and pass-words and rituals and regalia it is harmless play. We may smile at their solemn ceremony if we will, but there's no discounting the good they do to one another and even to outsiders. The order is not at all dangerous. It is no more a unit on any great question affecting the world than if it had no Fee-Faw-Fum business about it. It has its bad members like its good. It has its enmities and rivalries, and you'll nearly always find that the Mason chums with some one who wouldn't join the order for the wealth of Ormus or of Ind. As for the wonderful secrets—why, the possessors thereof are no better off than those who are on the outside. There is a great deal of common sense in American Masonry, simply because there is no reason here that the plotters against

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church or State should take advantage of its secrecy to cover up their doings. There is surely more common sense in Masonry than in any sect that condemns them, for we don't hear that the Masons are condemning any sect. We don't even hear any more that Masons vote as a unit in politics. We don't hear the old superstition that it is impossible to hang a Mason. We know that American Masons do not affiliate with those European lodges that proclaim atheism and shelter anarchists. The Americans don't take much stock in the secrets either. Most of them look to the practical results of the order's workings in charity. There are fifty orders that have stolen the secrets of Masonry and no horrible doom has befallen the appropriators. One may not believe in secret societies, because of the possibilities lurking in secret organization at all times, but really it cannot be said that Masonry's secrecy is of such a close character as to be dangerous. The Roman Catholic church condemns Masonry consistently enough, for that church demands sovereignty over the minds of its communicant and it resents exclusion from any compartment of the mind or any depth of the heart. An assumedly infallible church consistently declares that anything a communicant can't tell his priest is evil, but why any Protestant should become violent in opposition to Masonry almost passes comprehension. If Masonry is anything it is protest. If the right of a man to believe as he pleases has been upheld by any organization it has been upheld by the Masons. The Masons have been and are the Jesuits of Protestantism, and if all the Masons were driven out of the Protestant sects there would be left a gaping void in the most powerful congregations. Roman Catholicism may, in self-protection, fight the Masons, but when Protestants attack the order they are attacking their best friend in every land under the sun for the last four hundred years. Masonry may be, in some of its phases, a ridiculous and preposterous pretense, historically, esoterically, ceremonially, but it cannot possibly be so ridiculous and preposterous as any Protestant sect that makes war upon it. Protestants have no right to persecute for opinion's sake.

* * *

The Supreme Court, the Constitution and the People

LET us be calm. There is no sense in losing patience with those who speak harshly of the Justices of the Supreme Court because of the Porto Rico decisions. The thing has been done before. Republicans denounced Taney for the Dred Scott decision just as bitterly as the Democratic strict-constructionists are denouncing the court that sustained the present administration. The Dred Scott decision did not stand. That decision said that the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. There are those who say that the Porto Rico decision reiterates the Taney declaration. The fact is, that the decision recently rendered is none too clear. It will have to be interpreted by experts. The distinctions as to when the Constitution follows the Flag and how far it follows are rather too subtle for ordinary comprehension. We need not become frantic, however. If the Supreme Court has decreed doctrine that is wrong the people are not without redress. The people can force Congress to do the people's will with regard to the new possessions. There is no manner of doubt about that. There is actually little danger of legislative absolutism. The people may be lethargic for a time and Congress may do things it should not do, or fail to do things it should do, but the people's patience has a limit and when that limit is reached there comes a people's Congress and the people's will is executed. Congress is not greater than the Constitution any more than it is greater than the people, but the people are greater than the Constitution. If they were not, the Constitution, instead of bringing a shield to protect liberty, might become an oppression to crush liberty. The people can remedy all these evils. They can overrule the Supreme Court when their well-considered will shall deem such action wise. The people can declare an Empire if they wish, and there is no gainsaying that doctrine. The Constitution, admirable as it is, is not divinely inspired. It is subject to change, for we have changed it. It is not framed for actual,

accurate guidance in every possible contingency. It is conceivable that it might, in the course of time, be wholly unsatisfactory to the people living under it, and who should say that it could not be changed, or, if the people so willed it, thrown over altogether? The Constitution must change with the changes in the people, else it must be utterly outgrown and useless. And if the people will not have it so, the Supreme Court of the United States cannot make it so, interpret they never so wisely and ably. If a majority of the people of this Nation believe the Supreme Court to be wrong in principle the Court's decision will not stand. In due time it will be reversed. The cheerless occupation of despairing of the Republic at every opportunity is of no use to the Republic. The people are the one power that is back of all the forms of power, and the law will be as they will it to be, in the long run. To the people the President, the Congress, the Supreme Bench, the Constitution itself, must come at last. Let the discussion proceed that the people may make up their minds. Let who will denounce the Court. There can be no harm in open discussion of a decision reached by a vote of five to four, and a decision the end of which is accepted by one of the five, while he denies the means of reasoning by which the end was reached. The MIRROR believes that this Nation can do as it pleases, that it can do anything the majority of its people may in sane, sober sense determine to do. The Constitution may follow the Flag in one direction and not follow it in another. But the people have the final voice in the matters of what the Nation shall do, and the people will not be able to speak until they have thoroughly threshed out the issues involved. Therefore, let the discussion, the reviling, the denunciation proceed. It cannot hurt the Court or the Constitution. It will help to clarify the popular opinion upon the great questions, and finally to settle that opinion for one side or the other. This is a free country. Neither the Supreme Court nor the Constitution must be made a fetish. Both must justify themselves to men or be abandoned, and they cannot justify themselves of a finality until the thinking people have discussed them in the fullest possible way. The case, so far as abstract issues are concerned, may be said still to be an open one. Of course the majority decision is the law of the land, and we must accept it as it stands, but if it be not a law that embodies the convictions and spirit of the people of the United States it will not long remain the law.

* * *

The Gospel of "The Imitator"

GOTHAM Society should surely recognize itself in the startling chapter of the MIRROR's serial story, "The Imitator," published this week. It would appear that "they say such things, and they do such things" on Fifth Avenue, as well as "on the Bowery." The performances of Orson Vane, when he has overlaid his own soul with that of Reggie Hart, are evidently only mild reproductions in fiction of things in New York swelldom which have been chronicled by the daily papers. A Society in which a Reggie Hart can be a leader is in a very bad way as to morals. Such a Society needs such a showing up as the anonymous author of "The Imitator" gives it in the current chapter. The exposure is in the interest of public health. "The Imitator" may do for New York's Four Hundred what "The Green Carnation" did for London Swelldom, awaken its saner members to the dangers that come from too much idleness and luxury. As the MIRROR serial develops itself from now on, from week to week, there will be a rich treat for those who appreciate such unflinching social vivisection. The corrupt folly of Society is further exploited and laid bare. Later we shall see the full length soul-portrait of the society-literary charlatan, and still later we shall be initiated into the consciousness of an intellectual whose pose is that of an exaggerated eccentricity. "The Imitator" is a valuable, social document. It will be worth as much to the future historian of this time as the "Satyricon" is worth to the historian of Rome's decadence. The opuscule, if we may call it so, key novel though it be, is a symptom of something. It means that the social revolution is being furthered by the very people against whom that revolution is coming. As of old, the

smart and the swell are saying, "after us the deluge." "The Imitator" is worth, to the rabid reformers, many hundred lectures. It is fact in its strongest guise. The author of the novel is more of a menace to billionairedom than is Johann Most or Kropotkin or Stepniak. The story's cynicism is more biting than any denunciation could be crushing. The radical can rejoice over the exposures in "The Imitator," while the most conservative people will agree that such turning on of the light can only be of benefit in driving noisome things out of fashionable life. The writer of the story is not yet ready to acknowledge authorship. When the announcement shall be made all that may be promised is, that the revelation will be that of no 'prentice hand in literature.

* * *

Christian Science and Barbers

I SAW a Christian Science advocate in a barber's chair, the other day, getting shaved. Now I wonder if that was not in violation of the fundamental law of the cult. That man, clearly, according to his doctrine, had no mustache or beard. He only thought he had. He had only to unthink that thought, as it were, and he would have been rid of his imaginary whiskers. If Christian Science be true, a Christian Scientist should have no more use for a barber than for a doctor.

* * *

Women and the Trust

ARE we to look to the gentler sex for the successful war against the syndicates? Will the Trust finally be downed only by a Joan of Arc? It would seem so. New York *Life* points out that in the fight of Art vs. The Theatrical Syndicate, "the women combatants have been the ones to show real courage and staying power, and that women have won where men were ingloriously defeated. The way in which Messrs. Goodwin, Jefferson, Wilson and Mansfield gave in is well remembered. That Mrs. Fiske, Miss Crosman and Miss Bingham have stuck nobly to their colors is equally evident." There is a big suggestion in this. The women spend seven-tenths of the money that is spent in this country. They are, therefore, the folks to begin the work of refusing to take Trust goods. They once defeated Protection when they saw the way it raised their household bills.

* * *

A Hint To Mr. Carleton

THERE is not a pleasanter person in this community than Mr. Murray Carleton, President of the Transit Company. The wonder is that such a pleasant man would not insist upon his employees being pleasant. From all sides come complaints of impudent, surly, offensive conductors. We all know that there are passengers, too, who are not pleasant, and we all make allowances for the frame of mind of men harrassed by transfers, and the necessity of remembering where people want to get off, and the thoughtless abuse of petulant passengers, but even after such an allowance we cannot find anything in the way of palliation for rudenesses to women by Transit Company conductors. Mr. Carleton's conductors have no sense of conduct. Mr. Carleton is the supreme authority in the Transit Company. Mr. Carleton can make his conductors behave themselves. By doing so he would add value to the property and win some popular approval where now every man's hand is against the company. The outrageous treatment of Capt. Carmody and others, some of them women, when the causes of the trouble all lie in the negligence of Transit Company employes, embitters public feeling to such an extent that it is no wonder the Transit Company cannot get a verdict in a damage suit from even a special jury when it has all the right on its side and has the facts presented by such an able young man as Mr. Lon O. Hocker. If Transit Company conductors were to be induced to be polite and considerate of their patrons, if they were induced to refrain from insulting and bullying people, if they were made to act as respectfully as policemen or letter-carriers act towards ordinary citizens, the result would be money in the Transit Company's treasury. The St. Louis public looks to Mr. Carleton for protection from

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his thugs and janizaries. He is a pleasant person, and it detracts no whit from his strength. He knows the value of the agreeable demeanor. He should impress it upon his employes. He can do it, and the MIRROR believes he will do it, when his personal association, in the popular mind, with the indignities the people suffer at the hands of his "hands" is brought to his attention.

* * *

The Vanished Ones

HAS anybody heard anything about one Webster Davis? Or of one Macrum? Or of "Coin" Harvey? Or of one Senator Stewart? Or of Carrie Nation? Alas, how soon we are forgotten!

* * *

The Canteen

THE Association of Military Surgeons, in session at St. Paul, last Friday, passed a resolution in favor of the repeal of the anti-canteen law, and constituted every delegate a committee of one to use influence to that end with the Congressman of his own district. Now if any body of men should be in favor of temperance it is such a body as the Association of Military Surgeons. We cannot suspect such a body of being in the pay of the brewers. The gradually accumulating weight of intelligent opinion in the country is in favor of the contention of the army officers that the abolition of the canteen in the army post is against rather than in favor of that temperance for the promotion of which the Prohibitionists claim to be striving.

* * *

Poor Old South Carolina

GOVERNOR MCSWEENEY, of South Carolina, deserves well of his State for his attempt to prevent a bitter off year campaign in that commonwealth by refusing to accept the petulant resignations of Senators Tillman and McLaurin. The Governor, however, has been insulted by Tillman and his well-meant advice has been rejected as unsolicited. Tillman, in this as in everything, acts like a ruffian. It is only too true, however, that McLaurin's utterances about Tillman are as vulgar and undignified as Tillman's about McLaurin. The conduct of both men is not calculated to increase respect for the great offices they have held and tried to throw back at the people in a passion of pique. They do not care for the business interests of the State. They would throw the State into turmoil to feed fat their ancient grudges. They would intensify class feeling and revive, to a certain extent, issues that should have died at Appomattox. Neither man is an ennobling example to the country at large. Each has shown himself selfish and careless alike of his State and his party. The sober sense of South Carolina cannot but be revolted at the exhibition of the smallness of mind of the State's Senators, and it would be a just culmination of the incident, all things considered, if the people could turn down both Tillman and McLaurin and send Governor McSweeney and some other sound-minded man to Washington in their places. Which one soever may be right and which one soever may be wrong, the situation is plain that the men have disgraced themselves by their scurrility and have displayed their lack of character by acting like two scolding fish-wives. The South may be better served according to McLaurin's ideas or it may be that Tillman's principles are those the section most approves, but the men themselves have done everything they could to bring themselves into contempt for lack of the finer, more civilized evidences of character. The country at large regards the resignation episode as being but little short of disgusting in its revelation of the lack of manly judgment and self-control in both the Senators. South Carolina is to be commiserated in the affliction, the more so since the Gentleman from Nebraska has projected himself into the difficulty. The editor of the *Commoner* is, of course, a sympathizer with Tillman, but then the editor in question is not the oracle he was a few months ago. Indeed his precipitation into the issue may make friends for the McLaurin idea, which, unquestionably, is coming into better favor. The best thing to be said about the whole affair is that it seems to signalize the beginning of the end of the Solid South. Five years ago no man would have

dared do what McLaurin has done. To-day his attitude receives something like respectful consideration from that part of the Southern press that sympathizes with Tillman. McLaurin, a decade ago, would have been a social outcast. To-day he fights in an apparently unpopular cause, and he deserves some credit therefor, even though his methods be trivially unimpressive, and even though his readiness to withdraw his resignation at the Governor's suggestion is something of a symptom of a "quitter." Tillman stands for the revolutionist element in the South, for the so-called poor-white policies. McLaurin represents what are supposed to be the secret beliefs of the old aristocratic and modern parvenu classes. Tillman is an iconoclast. McLaurin is a conformist. But the conduct of one is as ungentlemanly as that of the other. Tillman is brother to Brooks, who assaulted Sumner, and to Bob Toombs who vowed he'd call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. McLaurin has all the contempt for Tillman that the old slave-holding planter had for the "white trash." Both of them are anything but representative of the better elements of politics in the South and both have disported themselves in a manner that evokes the suspicion that they mistake blackguardism for invective and bulldozing for strength and a bet for an argument. South Carolina must tolerate them both, for "the road to perfection is through a series of disgusts," and a freer discussion of differences of political opinion may possibly be the good that is to flow from the two Senators' vituperative and almost villainous word-slogging contest.

* * *

Emperor McKinley

OF all the silly, cheap sensationalists in this country, the worst is the fellow who goes about yowling about "Emperor" McKinley. Such talk deceives no one. It is not an argument. It is the raging of political impotency—nothing more.

* * *

Local Genius and the Fair

THE authors of several letters to the MIRROR, insisting that St. Louis talent and genius be given a show in the matter of designing and decorating the World's Fair, are hereby notified that this paper agrees with the propositions advanced, with this proviso: that the St. Louis talent, or genius, be the best procurable, all things considered. Ours is not to be a local Fair. It is to be a National event and it is to express the National spirit. If St. Louis talent and genius are not equal to taking the honors by sheer force of merit and strength then they should not be given anything as mere alms. That would be to insult and degrade the talent and genius. The World's Fair must not pauperize our talent and genius. If they don't "get there" of themselves, by divine right of dominant worth, the next worst thing that could happen them would be for the Fair management to toss them a few crumbs of work out of pity. The MIRROR believes in home talent and genius, but it also believes in free trade in ability, in the right, nay, the duty, in matters of aesthetic production, to buy in the best market for quality, largely independent of prices. And, having said so much, the MIRROR will say further that upon such open terms St. Louis talent and genius will be duly and eminently represented in the aesthetic making of the Fair.

* * *

Do Skyscrapers Pay?

THERE should be a very valuable tip to owners of St. Louis down town real estate in the fact that the Mercantile Trust Company is putting up a two-story building, The St. Louis Trust has erected the same sort of building as the Mississippi Valley Trust Company did some time before. This, together with the sale, under stress, of the Union Trust building, should be a pretty fair indication that the skyscraper office-building is not a paying investment. Those stories above the ground-floor story do not seem to pay, else the Trust Companies would not avoid the skyscraper. The skyscrapers that pay do so mainly upon the strength of the ground floor rent. The upper stories are costly to take care of, and rivalry of skyscrapers tends to keep rents down to a point at which profit vanishes. This matter is submitted without further elaboration to those

people who are figuring on skyscraper office buildings in anticipation of the World's Fair boom in St. Louis. If skyscrapers paid, the Trust Companies would build them. They are not imitating the Parthenon or the Pantheon for sheer love of art. Of course this tip does not apply to tall buildings constructed for manufacturing or large merchandizing purposes. It applies only to the large office-buildings, of which I heard it said, by a person in authority, recently, that there was only one in this city that could truthfully be said to be a paying investment. The MIRROR believes in new buildings, big buildings and plenty of them—if they pay; but it does not believe it is a good thing for the city to have unprofitable big buildings erected, be they never so beautiful and imposing.

* * *

Tax Bills

WHILE the City Fathers and the Reformers are talking Charter Amendments, the MIRROR would suggest one thing that seems necessary, viz., that some way be devised whereby the city shall collect the special taxes for street improvement. It is unpleasant to have contractors collecting tax bills. It makes the tax more odious. The system savors of the French method of farming the revenue. If the city collected the special tax bills, they could be collected sooner and the heavy interest on deferred payments could be saved. It seems to the MIRROR that making the contractor the tax collector is a prime factor in the opposition in many quarters to street reconstruction.

* * *

James A. Hearne

THE stage and manhood lost a noble exemplar when James A. Hearne died the other day. Mr. Hearne was not only an actor but a thinker. Although the conjunction of names has not often been made, it is a fact that Mr. Hearne was the only actor we had who dignified the profession of acting as Sir Henry Irving does in England. Mr. Hearne believed in realism on the stage, but realism did not mean for him, as for so many, dirt. Mr. Hearne's plays were sometimes over-simplified, but they always forwarded the right. Mr. Hearne believed in the gospel of Henry George, and he had the courage to declare it, fearless of its possible effect upon the box-office. He was deeply interested in politics and, upon occasion, took the stump for his party. He had a height, breadth and depth that no other American actor has known—not even Mr. Jefferson. He was a man of simple manner and the actoresque pose never captured his fancy. He was a citizen of his country, not a vain, simulating vagabond of art, as so many actors pretend to be in these days. He was an intense family man and a sort of semi-agnostic religionist. He was never the fashion, but he never complained; not even when the public would not have his naturalism, in the play he deemed his masterpiece, "Margaret Fleming." He stood always for the best thing in art, in citizenship, in life—individuality. Other actors, his contemporaries, have had a louder if not a greater and wider fame. No other mummer of note commanded so sincere a respect.

* * *

The Hall of Philanthropy

NO special feature project for the St. Louis World's Fair, thus far advanced, equals in splendor of scope or exaltedness of purpose, the suggestion of Miss Mary Perry that the women be represented by a Hall of Philanthropy. This structure, an imposing one, would be devoted during the Fair to the meetings of all the organizations interested in the general subject of charities and corrections, and in all efforts for the amelioration of the sufferings of the world. In that building would be gathered all the statistics of philanthropic work the world over, all the worthy literature that interprets the statistics in the light of experience in efforts to help, all the testimony as to the efficacy of this, that or the other method of social regeneration, including, let us say, the whole gamut from the Salvation Army work to that of Hull House, in Chicago. Here would be codified and compared all the laws that have been passed to help along the uplifting of the world. These laws would be accompanied by reports of persons of

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authority upon the success or failure, with the reasons therefor, of their operation. What a great value the co-ordination of the vast mass of such information and experience, and the best thought thereupon, would have to the civilized world can be imagined. It would put an end to philanthropic "work in the dark." It would warn from foolish experiment. It would teach, not only how to help but how not to help mankind. To this great storehouse of such material, every worker in the cause of humanity would willingly contribute his or her knowledge of the subject, and to it each would turn for the experience of others. The Hall of Philanthropy would be a great clearing house of the various forms of effort for others, and from it every worker would obtain the information that would save time and money and further a prompt arrival at the results sought, by furnishing information as to the ways in which former workers in various lines had failed. The Hall of Philanthropy, according to Miss Perry's idea, is to be a permanent structure, in which there shall always be a staff of workers to arrange the matter received and help investigators who may ask it. This would give St. Louis forever the destination of having the world's greatest Temple of Pity and Help. Surely women cannot engage in a work worthier of their own natures than this of establishing a Hall of Philanthropy. It would become the most honored building in the world, representing thoroughly the modern spirit of sympathy. There would converge to and radiate again from it all the influences which make for gentleness in the world. A Hall of Philanthropy embodies an idea as vast as humanity, as great as love. The women of the country can make it an honor to themselves for all time. Miss Perry's idea—for so it is admitted to be—should be taken up by the women's societies at once, and put into effect, and if any architects and sculptors can be found to grasp the idea in its fullness the building itself should be the most beautiful symbolic structure of the World's Fair.

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The Transvaal

SIGNS multiply that the people of Great Britain are wearying of the war against the Boers. The only news from the Transvaal is news of Boer successes, small to be sure, but successes just the same, raids and captures and escapes. Nincompoopery seems to rule the British army in the Transvaal. The way in which the Boers fight rings around the red-necks actually makes students of tactics pity the absent minded beggars who are so inadequately officered. The British make no headway at all, apparently. The Boers do not appear to diminish in numbers. They capture all the ammunition they need from their enemies. They fight and win or they fight and retire in good order. It is no wonder that the stolid Britishers at home are beginning to talk of treating with the Boers. If the present conditions prevail for any length of time, the British army will be worn to nothing, and what that means to England, we may well appreciate when we read in the London papers that the war office is contemplating the inauguration of conscription.

* * *

In China

THE evacuation of China appears to have begun; but the Russians do not seem to be evacuating Manchuria. The evacuation, however, will only be a fact when it is completed. Incidents like the firing upon French soldiers by British fusileers are always possible while the armies remain, and such incidents might easily precipitate war between the Powers. Much significance will be attached to the fact that, in the riot referred to, German troops took sides with the French against the British. The world will rest easily only when the foreign troops have all left the country of the Celestials—all except the Russians. The Russians are in China to stay. As for us Yankees we are well out of the muddle, and we have some satisfaction in the reflection that our getting out of it has rather strengthened us with China for future trade relations.

Uncle Fuller.

HOODOO.

SHE mutters and stoops by the lone bayou—
The little green leaves are hushed on the trees—
An owl in an oak cries "Who-oh-who,"
And a fox barks back where the moon slants through
The moss that sways to a sudden breeze . . .
Or That she sees,
Whose eyes are coals in the light o' the moon.—
"Soon, oh, soon," hear her croon,
"Woe, oh, woe to the octoroon!"

She mutters and kneels and her bosom is bare—
The little green leaves are stirred on the trees—
A black bat brushes her unkempt hair,
And the hiss of a snake glides 'round her there . . .
Or is it the voice of the ghostly breeze,
Or That she sees,
Whose mouth is flame in the light o' the moon?—
"Soon, oh, soon," hear her croon,
"Woe, oh, woe to the octoroon!"

She mutters and digs and buries it deep—
The little green leaves are wild on the trees—
And nearer and nearer the noises creep,
That gibber and maunder and whine and weep . . .
Or is it the wave and the weariless breeze,
Or That she sees,
Which hobbles away in the light o' the moon?—
"Soon, oh, soon," hear her croon,
"Woe, oh, woe to the octoroon!"

In the hut where the other girl sits with him—
The little green leaves hang limp on the trees—
All on a sudden the moon grows dim . . .
Is it the shadow of cloud or of limb,
Cast in the door by the moaning breeze?
Or That she sees,
Which limps and leers in the light o' the moon?—
"Soon, oh, soon," hear it croon,
"Woe, oh, woe to the octoroon!"

It has entered in at the open door—
The little green leaves fall dead from the trees—
And she in the cabin lies stark on the floor,
And she in the woods has her lover once more . . .
And—is it the hoot of the dying breeze?
Or him who sees,
Who mocks and laughs in the light o' the moon:—
"Soon, oh, soon," hear him croon,
"Woe, oh, woe to the octoroon!"
—From "Weeds By the Wall," by Madison Cawein.

PURE WATER.

A FEW PLAIN FACTS.

OUR city water is a disgrace to us and a disgust to strangers. Therefore a little plain talk upon the pure water question is in order.

When the present pumping works were designed it was impracticable to obtain water from any other source. The designers realized the effect the rapidly increasing population of the cities above us would have upon the water supply. But they had to have water immediately. They knew the water would be bad; but later they'd filter it. So filtration became a traditional policy. The fathers of the water works saw only filtration as a remedy. And their successors simply followed suit.

Filter jobbers have talked filtration until they have got the public ear. The public sentiment, however, is for *pure, clear water*. It is for that thing regardless of how secured, and not for filtered water alone. Filtration is a last resort. If we can't get *pure, clear water* any other way, we may accept filtration, but not until every other means is exhausted. The question before the public is: whether the city shall take the polluted water of the Mississippi and attempt to filter the filth from it or whether it shall take naturally pure spring water, that never has been contaminated and never can be contaminated, at a less cost than the cost of present supply?

P. H. Flynn and associates have offered to build a water supply and turn it over to the city immediately upon completion, when the city shall exercise, from the start, absolute right of ownership, control and management. This system is to furnish the city, immediately, twice the present consumption of water, with an additional available supply of over

250,000,000 gallons daily, for less than it actually costs to operate our present pumping plant, to say nothing of the additional cost of proposed filtration. One hundred million gallons daily of clear, pure, wholesome water for less than present cost of supplying the city with sixty million! Why should we even consider filtration?

The Flynn proposal means a permanent supply of pure water that can never be contaminated, and a reduction of 30 to 50 per cent on water rates at the start. Filtration means added cost of operating the present plant, constantly increasing charges for repairs and maintenance, constantly increasing cost to consumers of water, and drugged water.

The Flynn proposition, according to filter faddists, is impossible. They say there isn't water enough in the Meramec, and that it isn't pure water, and the engineering difficulties are too great. Mr. Flynn and his associates are willing to risk \$20,000,000 in the enterprise, and the city need not accept if the water be not there and all pure. The city does not stand to lose a cent. Mr. Flynn is the only possible loser, and that's his look-out. If he fail we have still the present plant, and can try filtration. Mr. Flynn offers all guarantees necessary to protect the city.

The water question resolves itself into four common-sense alternative propositions. Shall we spend millions trying to get pure water by extracting filth through chemical filtration, at increased cost to the city and the consumer, or shall we take water from a pure, wholesome spring? Shall we take artificial water, or natural water? Do we want medicated, polluted water at increased cost, or naturally pure water at less than present cost? Do we want increased water rates or reduced water rates?

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FOR A BEAUTIFUL ST. LOUIS.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

WE must have a beautiful St. Louis for a beautiful World's Fair. The way to get a beautiful city is to get it. In the first place the city authorities must do their share. It is an excellent idea of our Mayor's to call into consultation the Aldermen and the heads of all public bodies, to formulate a general plan of work which shall include not only the establishment of a park at the Union Station and the conversion of the Fair Grounds into a north end park, but shall include, in a way of suggestion, an incitement of the people generally to take a hand in the making of a beautiful city. We can not have too many parks, for it is a well established fact, as shown in a recent interesting article on this subject in the *World's Work*, that "the opening up of small parks and squares in densely-inhabited quarters has been followed by a notable decrease of mortality. One reason for this is that they serve as reservoirs for pure air. A foul atmosphere weakens the vitality and makes it harder for the individual to resist disease. Another reason is the undoubted sanitary use of trees. A border of trees around a city is a great hindrance to the entrance of epidemics. Experienced travelers in countries where malaria prevails locate their nightly camps in places cut off by groves from pestilential swamps. When the trees that stood between the Pontine marshes and a certain quarter of the city of Rome were cut down the quarter soon became unhealthy. Moreover, by the even temperature which they keep, trees help to mitigate the summer heat and the winter cold."

St. Louis made a great mistake in closing up Washington and Missouri Parks to build the new City Hall and the Exposition and in leaving the center of the city without any such breathing places. It was urged at the time the parks were taken that they were frequented only by the vicious and that respectable people were ashamed to be seen within their boundaries. On the score of cost, parks are not unduly expensive and it is the experience of every city that has established a park system that the people regard any reasonable park tax as well spent money. Though park appropriations have increased taxes the parks themselves have tended to make much greater than formerly the value of adjacent property. Householders seldom object to paying something for cool breezes and refreshing views and playgrounds for their children. Moreover, it has proven as easy to police the parks as to police the streets.

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St. Louis needs more parks. There are a dozen places in the heart of the town, now occupied by ramshackle, disease and crime-breeding structures, that might be converted into small parks. There are stretches of land in the down town section between Ninth street and the Levee and Cass and Franklin avenues that might well be cleared of buildings and made into parks, not necessarily large parks, but places of openness where the many poor might be continually refreshed by the sight and scent of greenery. So, too, with the territory south of, say, Clark avenue to Chouteau avenue, and still further south, between Twelfth street and the river. A little campaign of condemnation of property for park purposes would pay for itself in the taxes from increased value of property adjacent to the parks so created.

But there remains the other individual effort at beautification of the town. In Chicago the work has been inaugurated splendidly. The authorities started it and the people have pushed it. That excellent paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, has begun a scheme of offering prizes to the persons in certain districts of that town having the prettiest front yards or, where back yards are visible from the streets, prettiest back yards. The same paper has undertaken to stimulate the Board of Education to efforts in the matter of making the school yards beautiful. There has been generated a rivalry among the people as to which one of many neighbors shall have the alley back of their residence most free of debris and garbage. The result is a wonderful improvement all over Chicago and a wonderful sentiment of interest in the proposition of a beautiful city. The best people of the city, ladies and gentlemen, have taken a hand at the work, and the small householders have been especially enthusiastic.

Something of that sort is needed in this city, although we have probably more pretty houseyards than are to be found in Chicago. Still there are more than a plenty yards that are terribly dreary and shabby and mangy looking, rickety fenced, paper strewn, hopelessly depressing. As for vacant lots it would be a godsend if some way could be devised whereby the city could force the owners to keep them clear of old cans and ashes, and miscellaneous truck. We have had an unsuccessful campaign against weeds, but the truth is, that weeds are an excellent thing to cover up such hideousness. If property owners could only be induced to think on the subject they might not be grumbling as they do about rents being lower, houses being unrentable. The property owner who lets his vacant house go to wreck, refuses to paint it, lets the woodwork rot, or iron-work rust, should not expect to rent that house. But however empty houses may be kept, the living houses should be pretty, and the result would be prettier dispositions and prettier lives in the occupants of those houses. The yards about the public schools in St. Louis are frightfully forbidding, paved with brick, treeless or with but wisps of anaemic trees. They are more like prison yards than like playgrounds and their bareness is a positive cruelty to the poor little folks who have to use the places. The Board of Education could not do better than take up this matter of beautifying the yards about the school buildings. Manufacturing plants having yard area about them not used for storing material might well put a little money into making the yard into a garden. There is no reason why any yard, front or back, in a city of homes like this, should not be a garden, and there is no reason to doubt that if we can once get the people of the city interested in contributing each a share to the general effect of a beautiful city we would have such a city within two years.

This is a work for the women's clubs to undertake. They can find out how to attain their ends in the matter from recent articles in half a dozen magazines. The children could be interested. The way to interest everybody is for the big newspapers to take it up and present it in attractive fashion to the people at large. There is nothing that would make a finer beginning of a general awakening of civic pride than such a movement. It can be shown that the making of beautiful houses makes property more valuable. Therefore, people should not hesitate to make themselves richer while making their surroundings more

delightful. The thing can be done. It can be done cheaply and in a short time and it can be done altogether. Let us have a beautiful St. Louis and let us all have a hand in the transformation scene to be enacted all over the city at once. It is now certain that the city's most excellent Mayor will inaugurate the movement for a beautiful St. Louis at an early date by getting the right people together to start the plan off properly. Keep the old town a moving, and moving in the right direction, now that we've got her waked up.

W. M. R.

THE IMITATOR.

A NOVEL.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by W. M. Reedy.)

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

HE felt a nervous restlessness. He paced his room, fingering the frames of his prints, trying the cord of his new mirror, adjusting the blinds of the windows. He tingled with mental and physical expectation. He wondered whether nothing, after all, would be the result. How insane it was to expect any such thing to happen as Vanliev had vaporized! This was the twentieth century rather than the tenth; miracles never happened. Yet how fervently he wished for one! To feel the soul of another superimposing itself upon his own; to know that he had committed the grandest larceny under heaven, the theft of a soul, and to gain, thereby, complete insight into the spiritual machinery of another mortal!

Nevins returned, within a little time, bringing word that Mr. Hart had been found at home, and would call directly.

Vane pushed the new mirror to a position where it would face the door. He told Nevins not to enter the room after Mr. Hart; to let him enter, and let the curtain fall behind him.

He took up a position by a window and waited. The minutes seemed heavy as lead. The air was unnaturally still.

At last he heard Nevins, in gentle monosyllables. Another voice, high almost to falsetto, clashed against the stillness.

Then the curtain swung back.

Reginald Hart, whom all the smart world never called other than Reggie Hart, stood for a moment in the curtain-way, the mirror barring his path. He caught his image there to the full, the effeminate, full face, the narrow-waisted coat, the unpleasantly womanish hips. He put out his right hand, as if groping in the dark. Then he said, shrilly, stammeringly.

"Vane! Oh, Vane, where the de—"

He sank almost to his knees. Vane stepping forward, caught him by the shoulder and put him into an arm-chair. Hart sat there, his head hunched between his shoulders.

"Silly thing to do, Vane, old chappy. Beastly sorry for this—stunt of mine. Too many tea-parties lately, Vane, too much dancing, too much—" his voice went off into a sigh. "Better get a cab," he said, limply.

He had quite forgotten why he had come: he was simply in collapse, mentally and physically. Vane, trembling with excitement and delight, walked up to the mirror from behind and sent the veil upon its face again. Then he had Nevins summon the cab. He watched Hart tottering out, upon Nevins' shoulder, with a dry, forced smile.

So it was real! He could hardly believe it. In seconds, in the merest flash, his visitor had faded like a flower whose root is plucked. The man had come in, full of vitality, quite, in fact, himself; he had gone out a mere husk, a shell.

But there was still the climax ahead. Had he courage for it, now that it loomed imminent? Should he send for Hart and have him pick up his soul where he had dropped it? Or should he, stern in his first purpose, fit that soul upon his own, as one fits a glove upon the hand? There was yet time. It depended only upon whether Hart or himself faced the mirror when the veil was off.

He cut his knot of indecision sharply, with a stride to the mirror, a jerk at the cord and a steady gaze into the clear pool of light, darkened only by his own reflection.

Strain his eyes as he would, he could feel no change, not the faintest stir of added emotion. He let the curtain drop upon the mirror listlessly.

Walking to his window-seat again, he was suddenly struck by his image in one of the other glasses. He was really very well shaped; he felt a wish to strip to the buff; it was rather a shame to clothe limbs as fine as those. He was quite sure there were friends of his who would appreciate photographs of himself, in some picturesque costume that would hide as little as possible. It was an age since he had any pictures taken. He called for Nevins. His voice struck Nevins as having a taint of tenor in it.

"Nevins," he said, "have the photographer call to-morrow, like a good man, won't you? You know, the chap, I forgot his name, who does all the smart young women. I'll be glad to do the fellow a service; do him no end of good to have his name on pictures of me. I'm thinking of something a bit startling for the Cutter's costume ball, Nevins, so have the man from Madame Boyer's come for instructions. And see if you can find me some perfume at the chemist's; something heavy, Nevins. The perfumes at once, that's a dear man. I want them in my pillows tonight."

When the man was gone, his master went to the side-board, opened it, and gave a gentle sigh of disappointment.

"Careless of me," he murmured, "to have no Red Ribbon in the place. How can any gentleman afford to be without it? Dear, dear, if any of the girls and boys had caught me without it. Another thing I must tell Nevins. Nothing but whisky! Abominably vulgar stuff! Can't think, really, 'pon honor I can't, how I ever came to lay any of it in. And no cigarettes in the place. Goodness me! What sweet cigarettes those are Mrs. Barrett Weston always has! Wonder if that woman will ask me to her cottage this summer."

He strolled to the window, yawned, stretched out his arms, drawing his hands towards him at the end of his gesture. He inspected the fingers minutely. They needed manicuring. He began to put down a little list of things to be done. He strolled over to the tabouret where invitations lay scattered all about. That dear Mrs. Sclatersby was giving a studio-dance; she was depending on him for a novel feature. Perhaps if he did a little skirt-dance. Yes; the notion pleased him. He would sit down, at once, and write a hint to a newspaper man who would be sure to make a sensation of this skirt-dance.

That done, he heard Nevins knocking.

"Oh," he murmured, "the perfumes. So sweet!" He buried his nose in a handful of the sachet-bags. He sprayed some Maria Farina on his forehead. Perfumes, he considered, were worth worship just as much as jewels or music. The more sinful a perfume seemed, the more stimulating it was to the imagination. Some perfumes were like drawings by Beardsley.

He looked at the walls. He really must get some Beardsleys put up. There was nothing like a Beardsley for jogging a sluggish fancy; if you wanted to see everything that milliners and dressmakers existed by hiding, all you had to do was to sup sufficiently on Beardsley. He thought of inventing a Beardsley cocktail; if he could find a mixture that would make the brain quite pagan, he would certainly give it that name.

His mind roved to the feud between the Montagues and Capulets of the town. It was one of those modern feuds, made up of little social frictions, infinitesimal jealousies, magnified by a malicious press into a national calamity. It was a feud, he told himself, that he would have to mend. It would mean, for him, the lustre from both houses. And there was nothing, in the smart world, like plenty of lustre. There were several sorts of lustre: that of money, of birth, and of public honors. Personally, he cared little for the origin of his lustre; so it put him in the very forefront of smartness he asked for nothing more. Of course, his own position was quite impeccable. The smart world might

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narrow year by year; the Newport set, and the Millionaire set, and the Knickerbocker set—they might all dwindle to one small world of smartness; yet nothing that could happen could keep out an Orson Vane. The name struck him, as it shaped itself in his mind, a trifle odd. An Orson Vane? Yes, of course, of course. For that matter, who had presumed to doubt the position of a Vane? He asked himself that, with a sort of defiance. An Orson Vane, an Orson Vane? He repeated the syllables over and over, in a whisper at first, and then aloud, until the shrillness of his tone gave him a positive start.

He rang the bell for Nevins.

"Nevins," he said, and something in him fought against his speech, "tell me, that's a good man,—is there anything, anything wrong with—me?"

"Nothing sir," said Nevins stolidly.

Orson Vane gave a sort of gasp as the man withdrew. It had come to him suddenly; the under-self was struggling beneath the borrowed self. He was Orson Vane, but he was also another.

Who? What other?

He gave a little shrill laugh as he remembered. Reggie Hart,—that was it,—Reggie Hart.

He sat down to undress for sleep. He slipped into bed as daintily as a woman, nestling to the perfumed pillows.

Nevins, in his part of the house, sat shaking his head. "If he hadn't given me warning," he told himself, "I'd have sent for a doctor."

CHAPTER VI.

THE smart world received the change in Orson Vane with no immediate wonder. Wonder is, at the outset, a vulgarity; to let nothing astonish you is part of a smart education. A good many of the smartest hostesses in town were glad that Vane had emerged from his erstwhile air of aristocratic aloofness; he took, with them, the place that Reggie Hart's continuing illness left vacant.

In the regions where Vane had been actually intimate whispers began to go about, it is true, and it was with no little difficulty that an occasional story about him was kept out of the gossipy pages of the papers. Vane was constantly busy seeking notoriety. His attentions to several of the younger matrons were conspicuous. Yet he was so much of a stimulating force, in a society where passivity was the rule, that he was welcome everywhere.

He had become the court fool of the smart set.

To him, the position held nothing degrading. It was, he argued, a reflection on smart society, rather on himself, that, to be prominent in it, one must needs wear cap and bells. Moreover his position allowed him, now and then, the utterance of grim truths that would have not been listened to from anyone not wearing the jester's license.

At the now famous dinner given by Mrs. Sclatersby, Orson Vane seized a lull in the conversation, by remarking, in his ladylike lisp:

"My dear Mrs. Sclatersby, I have such a charming idea. I am thinking of syndicating myself."

Mrs. Sclatersby put up her lorgnettes and smiled encouragement at Orson. "It sounds Wall Streety," she said, "you're not going to desert us, are you?"

"Oh, nothing so dreadful. It would be an entirely smart syndicate, you know; a syndicate of which you would be a member. I sometimes think, you know, that I do not distribute myself to the best advantage. There have been little jealousies, now and then, have there not?" He looked, in a bird-like, perky way, at Mrs. Barrett Weston, and the only Mrs. Carlos. "I have been unable to be in two places at once. Now a syndicate—a syndicate could arrange things so that there would be no disappointments, no clashings of engagements, no waste of opportunity."

"How clever you always are," said a lady at Orson's right. She had chameleon hair, and her poise was that of a soubrette. The theatre was tremendously popular as a society model that season. Orson blew a kiss at her, and went on with his speech.

"Actors do it, you know. Painters have done it. Inventors do it. Why not I?" He paused to nibble an olive. "To contribute to the gaiety of our little world is, after all, the one thing worth while. Think how few picturesque people we have! Eccentricity is terribly lacking in the town. We have no Whistler; Mansfield is rather a dull imitation. Of course there is George Francis Train; but he is a trifle, a trifle too much of the larger world, don't you think?"

"I never saw the man in my life," asserted the hostess.

"Exactly," said Orson, "he makes himself too cheap. It keeps us from seeing him. But Whistler; think of Whistler, in New York! He would wear a French hat, fight duels every day, lampoon a critic every hour, and paint nocturnes on the Fifth avenue pavement! He would make Diana fall from the Tower in sheer envy. He would go through the Astoria with monocle and mockery, and smile blue peacock smiles at Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Simmons. He would etch himself upon the town. We would never let him go again. We need that sort of thing. Our ambitions and our patience are cosmopolitan; but we lack the public characters to properly give fire and color to our streets. Now I—"

He let his eyes wander about the room, a delicate smile of invitation on his lips.

"Don't you think," said one of the ladies, "that you are quite—quite bohemian enough?"

Orson shuddered obviously. "My dear lady," he urged, "it is a dreadful thing to be bohemian. It is no longer smart. If I am considered the one, I cannot possibly be the other. There is, to be sure, a polite imitation; but it is quite an art to imitate the thing with just sufficient indolence. But I really wish you would think the thing over, Mrs. Sclatersby. I know nobody who would do the thing better than I. Our men are mostly too fond of fashion, and too afraid of fancy. One must not be ashamed of being called foolish. Whistler uses butterflies; somebody else use sunflowers and green carnations; I should use—lilies, I think, lilies-of-the-valley. Emblematic of the pure folly of my pose, you know. One must do something like that, you see, to gain smart applause; impossible hats and improbable hair, except in the case of actresses, are quite extinct."

A Polish orchestra that had been hitherto unsuccessful against the shrill monologue of Orson, and the occasional laughter of the ladies, now sent out a sudden, fierce stream of melody. It was evident that they did not mean to take the insult of a large wage without offering some stormy moments in exchange. The diners assumed a patient air, eating in an abstracted manner, as if their stomachs were the only members of their bodies left unstunned by the music. The assemblage wore, in its furtive gluttony, an air of being in a plot of the most delicious danger. Some rather dowdy anecdotes went about in whispers, and several of the ladies made passionate efforts to blush. Orson Vane took a sip of some apricotine, explaining to his neighbor that he took it for the color; it was the color of verses by Verlaine. She had never heard of the man. Ah; then of course Mallarmé, and Symons and Francis Saltus were her gods? No; she said she liked Madame Louise; hers were by far the most fragile hats purchasable; what was the use of a hat if it was not fragile; to wear one twice was a crime, and to give one away unless it was decently crushed was an indiscretion. Orson quite agreed with her. To his other neighbor he confided that he was thinking of writing a book. It would be something entirely in the key of blue. He was busy explaining its future virtues, when an indiscreet lull came in the orchestral tornado.

"I mean to bring the pink of youth to the shallowest old age," he was saying, "and every page is to be as dangerous as a Bowery cocktail."

Then the storm howled forth again. Everyone talked to his or her neighbor at top voice. Now and then pauses in the music left fag ends of conversation struggling about the room.

"The decadents are simply the people who refuse to write twaddle for the magazines"

"The way to make a name in the world is to own a soap factory and ape William Morris on the side. . . ."

"I can always tell when it is Spring by looking at the haberdashers' windows. To watch shirts and ties blooming is so much nicer than flowers and those smelly things. . . ."

"The pleasantest things in the world all begin with a P. Powders, patches and poses—what should we do without them? . . . "

This sort of thing came out at loose ends now and then. Suddenly the music ceased altogether. The diners all looked as if they had been caught in a crime. The lights went out in the room, and there were little smothered shrieks. After an interval, a rosy glow lit up the conservatory beyond the palms; a little stage showed in the distance. Some notorious people from the music-halls began to do songs and dances, and offer comic monologues. The diners fell into a sort of lethargy. They did not even notice that Orson Vane's chair was empty.

Vane was in a little boudoir lent him by the hostess. His nostrils dilated with the perfume of her that he felt everywhere. He sank into a silk-covered chair, before which he had arranged a full-length mirror, and several smaller glasses, with candles glowing all about him. He was conscious of a cloying sense of happiness over his physical perfections. He stripped garment after garment from him with a care, a gentleness that argued his belief that haste was a foe to beauty. He stretched himself at full length, in epicurean enjoyment of himself. The flame of life, he told himself, burnt the more steadily the less we wrapped it up. If we could only return to the pagan life! And yet—what charm there was in dress! The body had, after all, a monotony, a sameness; the tenderest of its curves, the rosiest of its surfaces, must pall. But the infinite variety of clothes! The delight of letting the most delicate tints of gauze caress the flesh, while to the world only the soberest stuffs were exposed! The rustle of fresh linen, the perfume that one could filter through the layers of one's attire!

Orson Vane closed his eyes, lazily, musingly. At that moment his proper soul was quite in subjection; the ecstasy in the usurping soul was all-powerful.

He was thinking of what the cheval-glass in that little room must have seen.

It would be unspeakably fine to be a mirror.

The little crystal clock ticking on the dressing-table tinkled an hour. It brought him from his reveries with a start. He began gliding into some shining, silken things of umber tints; they fitted him to the skin.

He was a falconer.

It was a costume to strike pale the idlers at a bathing beach. There was not a crease, not a fold anywhere. A leathern thong upon a wrist, a feathered cap upon his head, were almost the only points that rose away from the body as God had fashioned it. Satisfaction filled him as he surveyed himself. But there was more to do. Above this costume he put the dress of a Spanish Queen. When he lifted the massively brocaded train, there showed the most exquisitely chiseled ankles, the promise of the most alluring softness. He spent fully ten minutes in happy admiration of his images in the mirrors.

When he proceeded to the conservatory, it was by a secret corridor. The diners were wearily watching a Frenchwoman who sang with her gloves, which were black and always on the point of falling down. She was very pathetic; she was trying to sing rag-time melodies because some idiot had told her the Newport set preferred that music. A smart young woman had danced a dance of her own invention; everyone agreed, as they did about the man who paints with his toes, that, considering her smartness in the fashionable world, it was not so much a wonder that she danced so well, as that she danced at all. They were quite sure the professional managers would offer her the most lavish sums; she would be quite as much of an attraction as the foreign peer who was trying to be a gentleman, where they are most needed, on the stage.

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At a sign from Orson, the lights went out again, as the Frenchwoman finished her song. Several of the guests began to talk scandal in the dark; there are few occupations more fascinating than talking scandal in the dark. The question of whether it was better to be a millionaire or a fashionable and divorced beauty was beginning to agitate several people into almost violent argument, when the lights flared to the full.

The chorus of little "Ohs" and "Ahs," of rapid whispered comment, and of discreetly patted gloves, was quite fervid for so smart an assemblage. Except in the rarest cases, to gush is as fatal, in the smart world, as to be intolerant. There is a smart avenue between fervor and frowning; when you can find that avenue unconsciously, in the dark, as it were, you have little more to learn in the code of smartness.

Mrs. Sclatersby herself murmured, quite audibly:

"How sweet the dear boy looks!"

Her clan took the word up, and for a time the sibilance of it was like a hiss in the room. A man or two in the company growled out something that his fairer neighbor seemed unwilling to hear. These basso profundo sounds, if one could formulate them into words at all, seemed more like "Disgusting fool!" or "Sickening!" than anything else. But the company had very few men in it; in this, as in many other respects, the room resembled smart society itself. The smart world is engineered and peopled chiefly by the feminine element. The male sex lends to it only its more feminine side.

It is almost unnecessary to describe the picture that Orson Vane presented on that little stage. His beauty as "Isabella, Queen of Spain," has long since become public property; none of his later efforts in suppression of the many photographs that were taken, shortly after the Sclatersby dinner, have succeeded in quite expunging the portraits. At that time he gave the sittings willingly. He felt that these photographs represented the highest notch in his fame, the completest image of his ability to be as beautiful as the most beautiful woman.

Shame or nervousness was not part of Orson Vane's personality that night. He sat there, in the skillfully arranged scheme of lights, with his whole body attuned only to accurate impersonation of the character he represented. He got up. His motion, as he passed across the stage, was so utterly feminine, so made of the swaying, undulating grace that usually implies the woman; the gesture with his fan was so finically alluring; the poise of his head above his bared shoulders so coquettish,—that the women watching him almost held their breaths in admiration.

It was, you see, the most adroit flattery that a man could pay the entire sex of womankind.

Then the music, a little way off, began to strum a cachucha. The tempo increased; when finally the pace was something infectious, Orson Vane began a dance that remains, to this day, an episode in the annals of the smart. The vigor of his poses, the charm of his skirt-manipulation, carried the appreciation of his friends by storm. Some of the ladies really had hard work to keep from rushing to the stage and kissing the young man then and there. When we are emotional, we Americans—to what lengths will we not go!

But the surprises were not yet over. A dash of darkness stayed the music; a swishing and a flapping came from the stage; then the lights. Vane stood, in statue position, as a falconer. You could almost, under the umber silk, see the rippling of his veins.

Only a second he stood so, but it was a second of triumph. The company was so agape with wonder, that there was no sound from it until the music and the bare stage, following a brief period of blackness, recalled it to its senses. Then it urged Mrs. Sclatersby to grant a great favor.

Mr. Vane must be persuaded not take off his falconer's costume; to mingle, for what little time remained, with the company without resuming his more conventional attire.

Vane smiled when the message came to him. He nodded his head. Then he sent for the Sclatersby butler. "Plenty of Red Ribbon," he said to that person.

"Plenty, sir."

Make a note of your commissions; a cheque in the morning."

Then he mingled again with his fellow-guests, and there was much toasting, and the bonds all loosened a little, and the sparkle came up out of the glasses into the cheeks of the women. The other men, one by one, took their way out.

Women crushed one another to touch the hero of the evening. Jealousies shot savage glances about. Every increase in this emulation increased the love that Orson Vane felt for himself. He caressed a hand here, a lock there, with a king's condescension. If he felt a kiss upon his hand, he smiled a splendid, slightly wearied smile. If he had hot eyes turned on him, burning so fiercely as to spell out passion boldly, he returned, with his own glances, the most ineffable promises.

There have been many things written and said about that curious affair at the Sclatersbys, but for the entire history of it—well, there are reasons why you will never be able to trace it. Orson Vane is perhaps the only one who might tell some of the details; and he, as you will find presently, has utterly forgotten that night.

"Time we went home, girls," said Vane, at last, disengaging himself gently from a number of warm hands, and putting away, as he moved into freedom, more than one beautiful pair of shoulders. He needed the fresh air; he was really quite worn out. But he still had a madcap notion left in him; he still had a trump to play.

"A pair of hose," he called out, "a pair of hose, with diamond-studded garters, to the one who will play 'follow' to my leader!"

And the end of that dare-devil scamper did not come until the whole throng reached Madison Square.

Vane plunged to the knees in the fountain.

That chilled the chase. But one would not be denied. Hers was a dark type of beauty that needed magnolias and the moon and the South to frame it properly. She lifted her skirts with a little tinkling laugh, and ran to where Orson stood, splashing her way bravely through the water.

Vane looked at her and took her hand.

"I envy the prize I offered," he said to her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUICIDE AND THE PRESS.

A FIELD FOR A MILD CENSORSHIP.

UNLESS the suicide contagion can be controlled some other way, it would almost appear that we need a press censor in the journalistic department devoted to these records, since the indications point increasingly to a tendency toward dramatic self-destruction, for which publicity has a large share of blame. The matter-of-fact prominence given to suicide takes away the horror of the deed; the familiarity we are acquiring with self-sought death breeds its resultant contempt, and so the records grow, and grow, until that which was once a disgrace, betokening the spirit of a coward, is now not much more shocking than death by smallpox, or any other natural means of exit.

The worst feature of it is, that there is an alarming growth of the suicide mania, disease, or whatever you may call it, among children and very young people, and it is just on that account that we need a press censor to expunge the details of suicide. The twentieth century young person reads the newspaper with more avidity, often, than his seniors, and the grawsmess of living catches a fierce, strong hold upon his imagination, perhaps because he is young, and is happy, and the very contrast is fascinating. After he has really lived and been drunk a few times on real joy and stunned with real sorrow, after he has bumped and scarred his soul in his futile efforts to remove the mountain Circumstance and overleap the barrier Environment, the grawsmess of living will be less attractive, and the getting out of it "with a bare bodkin" be not so simple an end-all.

He will not gloat over details of horrors then—they will come within hair-raising distance, mayhap, of some ghost he would fain lay forever—or feed with morbid, mental hunger on the blackness of human passions as revealed by the newsgatherer. He will be apt to relegate that portion of his daily dish of news to the memory of the callow days, when to read a "doctor's book" on the quiet meant a daring invasion into the forbidden mysteries, and for which he learned to blush years ago, and he barely skims the grawsmess and gets over to the base-ball columns or the blessed neutrality of politics.

But there is a period of years and growth and experience between the Young Person and the state of mind of his seniors, and it is that period which needs protection. When a boy of twelve hangs himself because he has been reprimanded for a childish error; when one of sixteen puts a bullet through his brain because he has suffered a sequence of accidents, and when a young girl of fourteen arranges her surroundings with due theatrical effect and sends a bullet through her heart for no known cause, it is time to do something toward curing the disease, if it be a disease, and putting up all the safeguards we can around the young.

Heaven knows the freedom of the Press is a dear thing to all of us; it is a national bulwark, and it is one of our best means of education, but its very uncontrolled power, like the power of wealth, is a menace to the very things for which it stands.

There has never been an exploited case of crime out-of-the-ordinary among young people that has not been followed by similar crimes, as if an epidemic had broken out. The Memphis tragedy of a few years ago is a case in point. No sooner had the revolting details of the murder, with its implied, unpublished, still more revolting features, gone abroad than there was gleaned an uncanny news-harvest of unnatural friendships with their loathsome sequence of crime.

The impressionable imagination of youth takes hold of the horror, that is not the least attraction of crime to an untried soul and intellect, and broods upon it until it becomes an obsession. There is no dearly-bought sentiment of Experience paid for in tears, and remorse and heartaches to warn out the evil spirit; it is a clean, young soul with room in plenty for Something to grow in. The restless desire for knowledge, which is either to glorify or curse the life of the Young Person, is upon the threshold to welcome Something that it is unconsciously expecting from the hour the infant stretches out its empty hands to vacancy, for it knows not what, until dawning manhood and womanhood demand not only Earth but Heaven, yea, and an introduction to all the dark things and the mysteries of the Under World.

Of course, it is easy enough to say that the daily paper is not printed for the Young Person, and that his moral and mental contamination should be the care of his parents. So it should, as far as parental limits extend, but the Young Person is the dearest treasure of the State. Does not the State owe him something too? He is to make the State some day, its wealth, its laws, its army, its workmen, its scholars, its very self. Not one Young Person can the State afford to let go into the unfathomable Beyond by his own hand. Not one, because a deadly microbe lurks in the power and freedom that is the glory of the State. And so it must be the State that shall help the parent to crush out this contagion that is growing among us until its very frequency shall blunt our sensitiveness to its unspeakable evil.

The news, all the news, let us have, but the poisonous elaboration, the hidden, deadly aroma of detail, let us expunge, for the sake of the boys and girls who have not yet learned that dramatic art is not Life, and that he who "drinks to the next that dies," is not drinking at a banquet whose worst aftermath is a headache and a blush for folly, but is toasting an infinite misery and an immortal pain; is playing with the ignorance and indifference of an unreasoning child, with the two great mysteries that are as great as God and as unknown—Life and Death.

Frances Porcher.

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BOOKS FOR OUTDOOR FOLK.

REFRESHING READING FOR THE SUMMER.

A Each summer comes, there comes, too, the proof that America is getting fonder and fonder of outdoor life. Fashionable life goes more and more to the country. The art of living outdoors becomes more and more attractive. Sport, of one sort and another, gains adherents daily. Our present season of racing is tremendously successful, East and West. So there is little wonder if some reflex of all this may be found in our new books.

For lovers of horses and racing there are a number of opportunities in print. Best of them all, I think, is the little volume of "Racing Rhymes" that has been selected from the work of Adam Lindsay Gordon. This little volume, in its pretty cover, and with its neat sketches of scenes from the race-course and the hunting-field, is, on externals alone, one to recommend to the ever-increasing army of those fond of the horse, of the turf, and the hurdles. No man ever wrote more stirring rhymes about racing than this Australian, himself, in his time, the best steeplechase rider in the British colonies. Between Gordon's racing lines and the racing stuff written, in poetry and prose, by the Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes and Ouidas, there is as great a difference as between an Ethelbert and a circus-horse. Gordon stands forever apart from the great majority of writers; he did more than write; he lived. The present season of the American turf seems likely to be so prosperous to all concerned that I think "Racing Rhymes" should find great popularity. Lovers of poetry for poetry's sake will like the book no less than will patrons of the turf. The sweep and stir of the verse are fine, and for its sake one easily forgives the occasional freedom of metre. If you do not know Gordon's poetry at all, and

wish to measure him, quite aside from his turf topics, his verse on "The Swimmer," with the added pathos due to the author's suicide, is worth quoting:

A little season of love and laughter,
Of light and life, and pleasure and pain,
And a horror of outer darkness after,
And dust returneth to dust again,
Then the lesser life shall be as the greater,
And the lover of life shall join the hater,
And the one thing cometh sooner or later,
And no one knoweth the loss or gain.

In native fiction concerning the American turf we are still somewhat deficient. The really good American racing novel remains to be written. Mr. Edward H. Cooper's novel, "The Monk Wins," may serve to give us a glimpse of the sport of kings on the British side of the water, but it is not near so good as the sort of thing Hawley Smart was wont to turn out. On the other hand, setting the turf aside, and coming only to horses and riding, America has some very readable books to show. "Eastover Court House," with its steeple-chasing, was by no means bad. Quite unreservedly, however, I commend the description of some six hundred West Virginia cattle fording a turbulent river, in Mr. Melville D. Post's story, "Dwellers in the Hills," as one of the best bits of graphic writing I have come across in a long time. Indeed, for good, lusty, hard riding, and hard fighting, you will go far to find anything better than this tale of the West Virginian hills and dales. The feud that results in one family's attempt to prevent another bringing a drove of cattle to market becomes very real to the reader, and the incidents of the cattle-drive itself leave nothing to be desired in adventure and excitement. All who love the saddle will like "Dwellers in the Hills;" it has some fine horses in it, without any of the distressing dialect accompaniments that go with the much touted

"horse chapters" in certain recent "novels of the week." Mr. Post writes as a man should who loves his craft. I seem to scent something of Marriott Watson in his manner.

But lovers of the horse are not the only ones that are provided for in the present supply of out-door literature. Lovers of woodcraft, for instance, will like Mr. W. H. Boardman's "The Lovers of the Woods." The book is composed of descriptions of life in the Adirondack shooting and fishing camps. We are introduced to some genuine guides,—not mere literary puppets—and we are given much valuable information about trout, deer, trees and the like. Moreover, there are some deliciously amusing anecdotes that cannot fail to interest fishermen and woodsmen of all sorts. It is seldom one comes across a book that has so much the air of being the work of one who loves the woods better than word-spinning, whose woodcraft is more to him than literature, as has "The Lovers of the Woods." Yet, by very reason of the undoubted genuineness of its material its effect is more far-reaching than would be that of a more bookishly contrived volume. I commend the book to all lovers of outdoors. Finally, there are some books on golf, and on bird-life. The papers on "Practical Golf" that Mr. Walter J. Travis contributed to a periodical devoted to that game, have been made into a fine book, well illustrated with photographs. The golf enthusiast who wishes to get all the instruction that black and white can give him need look no farther than this book. Two books on birds are Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's "Bird Portraits," with descriptive text, by Mr. Ralph Hoffman, for some twenty large, colored plates; and Mr. Bradford Torrey's "Everyday Birds," with some colored plates from Audubon.

And coming is Mr. Ernest McGaffey's "Outdoors," some of the finest chapters in which appeared in the MIRROR. I think every lover of fresh air will find this a book to look forward to.

Percival Pollard.

The Mirror

MUSIC.

POMMER'S "CUPID IN ARCADY."

The great success achieved by Liza Lehmann, in her musical setting of certain verses taken from Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyat has been the means of inducing other composers to follow along similar lines. Miss Lehmann selected the mixed quartette (and, of course, the solos and concerted numbers obtained therefrom,) as the medium to portray her ideas. This combination seems to have struck a popular chord, and quartettes consisting of distinguished vocalists have made successful tours with the Lehmann Rubaiyat.

Among the very best of new compositions of this kind which have been written, is Mr. William H. Pommer's Pastoral Cantata entitled "Cupid in Arcady," the words taken from Elizabethan poets. While Miss Lehmann's music, though excellent in many respects, is not on a level with Omar Khayyam's wonderful poem, Mr. Pommer has succeeded in not only equalling, but frequently surpassing in artistic value, the poems he has treated. He has obtained the pastoral, out-of-doors coloring throughout, and has also given to his work the naive, rustic simplicity found only in such old English composers as Purcell, Humphrey and Dr. Arne. To have written music, archaic to some extent in style, yet with modern harmonics and treatment in form, is an achievement worthy of very high praise. Mr. Pommer's musicianship is displayed on every page, yet it is almost concealed by the naturalness and spontaneity of his music. There are fifteen numbers, embracing solos and concerted numbers. If, in a work of such high excellence, one feature can be praised more than another, the concerted numbers seem to the writer to be particularly fine. Especially the close, "Sweet Music," written for quartette or chorus, is of a truly exalted character. There are many beautiful passages throughout the entire work, to enumerate which would occupy considerable space. That Mr. Pommer's composition will be successful is a foregone conclusion, and we can but be pleased and proud that so fine an artistic production has been the work of a St. Louisian.

E. R. Kroeger.

FOREST PARK UNIVERSITY.

The high standard maintained in the music department of this famous University was clearly shown by the character of the work done by the pupils of Mr. E. R. Kroeger and Mr. Harry J. Fellows at the Commencement Exercises held last week.

The musical part of the program included the G flat study of Chopin, played with great delicacy and remarkable flexibility by Miss Mabel Johnson; Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol," brilliantly executed by Miss Mabel Norris; the Heller transcription of Schubert's "The Trout," by Miss Genevieve Bird; the "Norwegian Bridal Procession" by Greig, given with fine appreciation by Miss Verna Brinkley; a worthy performance of the Schumann "Novelette" Op. 21, No. 1, by Miss Fannie Johnson; a Leschetizky composition played by Miss Jessie Litteral; Sinding's "Rustle of Spring," interpreted by Miss Helen Aydelott; Kroeger's "Dance of the Fairies," charmingly rendered by Miss Helen Hite; the Impromptu in C sharp minor of Reinhold, performed by Miss May Saunders.

Vocal numbers were, "Heart's Delight" by Gilchrist, sung by Miss Bess Barker;

the taxing Goring-Thomas number, "My Heart is Weary," artistically interpreted by Miss Jessie McIntire; a waltz song given with considerable facility and style by Miss Fannie Johnson and a song by Dudley Buck, entitled "When the Heart is Young."

Miss Corinne English who sang the Dudley Buck has a remarkably pure, firm soprano, of extraordinary power and compass. This very youthful singer has undoubtedly talent of a high order and, judging from the intelligence and temperament displayed in her work, promises great future achievement.

All the participants in this program gave clean, intelligent performances of the various numbers, amply demonstrating the thoroughness of the training that they have received.

* * *

THE SCHUMANN CLUB.

A comparatively unknown Musical Club with ambitions, is the Schumann Club. Mrs. Maude E. Truitt is the president, elected unanimously last year, and gives evidence of much executive ability and energy in conducting the affairs of the Club.

At the musicale given on the evening of May 31, at Arcade Hall, a long and varied programme was performed by the following Club members: Mrs. Bertha Winslow Fitch, Mrs. Charles Taylor Clark, Miss Nellie Paulding, Mrs. M. E. Truitt, Miss Susie Cuddy, Mrs. Jacob Gross, Miss Annie Martin, Mrs. James Duffy, Miss Brown, Miss Geisser, Miss Nelson, Prof. Carl Becker, Mr. Chas. Detering, Mr. McNulty, Mr. Higdon and Prof. Dubuque.

* * *

VACATION PLAYGROUNDS.

The Vacation Playground movement, extensively noticed in last week's MIRROR, is flourishing. The committee expects to obtain shortly enough money to open a fourth playground. Mr. Frank Crunden has donated the lumber for a boy's coaster, also several swings for each school. Mr. N. O. Nelson has agreed to provide shower baths at the Pestalozzi school. The Polar Wave Ice Co. has agreed to give all the ice needed. Mr. Harry Block has donated several loads of sand for the children to play in. An eminent physician has offered his services free.

Miss Gladfelter would like all donations of books and pictures sent to her school, Texas and Eads avenues. Other donations will be received at either the Shields or Pestalozzi schools, by the janitors. Money and checks may be sent to Mrs. Price Lane, Treasurer. In anticipation of the "Opening Day," July 1st, the ladies will entertain the mothers of the neighborhood at the Shields school, on the afternoon of June 24th.

* * *

The fitness of things is never so well exemplified as in the relation of a man to his clothes. There are but three varieties of the *genus homo* who can afford to ignore the pomps and vanities of this wicked world in the matter of habiliments, and these three are the millionaire, the philosopher and the "hobo." For the balance of mankind, including the masculine readers of the MIRROR, many of whom are philosophic, though not professional philosophers, it is useful to know that they can be suited with suitable suits at Humphrey's, and at very reasonable prices.

* * *

Dunwell—"I thought when you sold me this dog you said he was a good bird-dog?" Ike Clodhopper—"He is; you jes try feedin' him on fried chicken an' see."—Ohio State Journal.

MR. WM. WALSH, founder of the

Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., and

MR. CHAS. A. WAUGH, thirty years with the

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.,

desire to announce that they will hereafter be with the

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.

MR. WAUGH will personally superintend a thoroughly equipped

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT,

and is now ready to execute the finest work in Wedding Invitations, Calling Cards and choice Society Stationery.

Our Clock Repair Department is now under the efficient management of Mr. Geo. A. Abel, who for the past ten years has been in a like capacity with the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Locust and Seventh Streets, Mercantile Cub Bldg.

THE MECHANICS' BANK, ST. LOUIS.

Capital and Surplus, - = \$1,500,000.00

Personal Accounts Solicited.

Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks Sold.

THE LATE MR. SWOPE.

The Late Mr. Joel Swope whose death was announced the other day, was one of the most popular business men in St. Louis, and as successful as popular. For more than thirty years he was in the shoe business here, and in all that time had the patronage and friendship of the local celebrities and those in the upper ten. He was a singularly genial, kindly man and a supporter of every good cause. He was a member of the Columbian Club, and a high Mason. He leaves a family that is condoled with by a large circle of friends.

* * *

TRAILING SKIRTS AND BEGGING.

"Strange as it may seem, the trailing skirts that the women are now wearing have almost ruined our business," confided an intelligent street beggar recently. "That sounds queer, doesn't it? One not acquainted with our business might fail to see the connection between professional begging and women's skirts. And yet what I say is true. The greater part of our revenue ordinarily comes from women, but since they've taken to these long skirts for street wear they are forced to hold them up, and that keeps one hand constantly occupied. It takes two hands to open a purse, and I have often seen women stop as though about to give something, but this would necessitate letting go of the skirt, and they have passed on again. Yes, we have to study all these things. The trailing skirt has already driven a lot of us out of business."

* * *

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

Chemical Cleaning Works

MILLS & AVERILL,

Broadway and Pine.

BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

ALBATROSS PETTICOATS.

The prettiest little under petticoats are of albatross cloth and more or less elaborate. A little skirt of embroidered albatross, the pattern in bow knots or other small designs, is trimmed with a frill around the lower edge, of entre deux of wash ribbon and lace. Little skirts of this style cost about \$5. A simple skirt will have a little plain ruffle at the edge with lace; another will omit the ruffle and have plain embroidery around the edge instead. These skirts are made in the newest shapes. Some are the circular skirts and others gored, but made in the new cuts to fit perfectly around the hips. There are no yokes to these little skirts. The yoke is all satisfactory as far it goes, but below the yoke there is a fullness which prevents the perfect set of one of the season's skirts. Such fullness as there is draws up at the back with a ribbon. These skirts take the place of flannel.

Mermod & Jaccard's on Broadway.

The Mirror

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bevis have returned from a fortnight's visit to the East.

Mrs. B. F. Hobart, of Vandeventer place, has gone to Springfield, Ill., to visit friends.

Mrs. E. P. Howard and family left on Tuesday evening for their cottage at Bay View, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullen A. Battle and Miss Edna Pugh will leave on the 10th for their cottage at Allenhurst, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kemper Gilman, of Lindell boulevard, and their two children left on Monday for Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand P. Kaiser and their family have gone to South Haven, Mich. Their niece, Miss Lotta Luckow, accompanied them.

Mrs. Lucy V. S. Ames left on Saturday last for her country place at Northcliff just above upper Alton. Thence she will go to the seashore.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Wise and their two daughters, Misses Blanche and Marie Wise, sailed the early part of the week for Europe.

Mrs. C. E. Hale, of St. Louis, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Stewart, of Denver, and has visited Colorado Springs, Manitou, Glenwood Springs, etc.

Gov. and Mrs. D. R. Francis will leave Sunday evening for the East, to attend the marriage of their son, Mr. David R. Francis, Jr., to Miss Colthurst, in Boston, Mass.

Miss Helen S. Colby, of 4058 West Belle Place was married on Wednesday morning at half past ten o'clock, to Mr. Franklin D. Dietzer, of New York City, Rev. Dr. J. W. M'Kittrick officiating, in the presence of the immediate families. The bride wore her traveling suit of tan cloth, tailor made, with a bodice of soft mull, worn under the chic jacket. After the ceremony and the congratulations the bride and groom left on their wedding tour. They will pass the summer in the North. Miss Colby is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Colby.

Miss Nellie Anheuser's marriage to Mr. Ben Dieckriede took place Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock at the home of the bride, at 3131 Russell avenue. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Lilly Anheuser. The bride wore white moire antique Faconne, brocaded in garlands of roses. The underskirt was of rose taffetas silk, covered with plisses of illusion and quilling of soft illusion, caught with seed pearls. The high bodice was trimmed with tucks and embroidered with seed pearls. A girdle and gorgette of applique of seed pearls in a fern leaf design completed the gown. The tulle veil was edged with a hand embroidered design of honiton lace. The maid of honor wore white crepe Nubian, trimmed with horizontal bands of hemstitching. The skirt was en demi traine and the bodice high. After the ceremony there was a reception for the family and a few intimate friends.

The marriage of Miss Clyde Musick and Mr. Elmo Pattin Porterfield, of Cape Girardeau, took place on Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Musick, of 4536 Cook avenue, Rev. Dr. R. D. Smart, of the Cook Avenue M. E. Church South, officiating. The bride entered at the appointed hour on the arm of her brother, Mr. C. W. Musick, attended by her sister, Miss Lavinia Musick, as maid of honor. They were met by the groom and his brother, Mr. John D. Porterfield, who served him as best man. The bride wore white taffetas silk veiled in mousseline de soie. The skirt was en traine, and given a pretty effect at the top with a sheath-like girdle of rows of baby ribbon extending in a panel down the front. The bottom was finished with a deep flounce edged with three smaller flounces. The bodice was soft and fluffy with a guimp and demi-sleeves of meehlin lace insertion put together with baby ribbon. The tulle veil was held in place with a crown of pearls. The maid of honor wore pale pink silk, veiled in white French lawn, made with soft plisses, and trimmed with lace and ribbon. The bodice was low with a transparent yoke and demi-sleeves. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. After the ceremony there was a small reception. The bride and groom have gone to live in Cape Girardeau, Mo.

The marriage of Miss Eliza Wash Hereford, daughter of Mr. James E. Hereford, of Ferguson, and Mr. Edward Payson Bryan took place at St. John's Church in Ferguson, at six o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Rev. D. S. Phelen officiating. Miss Mary Hereford, a sister of the bride, attended her as maid of honor, and among the bridesmaids were Misses Irma Labrol, of Frankfort, Ky., and Mamie Manget. Mr. Ashbel W. Bryan, a brother of the groom, served as best man, and the groomsmen were Messrs.

Christopher Ellerbe and Glen A. Arnold. Messrs. Fred Manget, Jr. and Clarence W. Candie served as ushers. The bride was gowned in white organdie over white silk. The skirt was en traine, and finished around the bottom with a number of small plisses, which gave the train a billowy effect. The bodice was low, with a transparent yoke and sleeves of lace insertion and tucks put together with liberty satin ribbon. The tulle veil was held in place with an exquisite sunburst of pearls, the gift of the groom. The maid of honor wore French mull over a silk slip, trimmed with a great quantity of lace and tiny ruffles. The bodice was high, although the yoke was unlined, with demi sleeves, and also trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion.

On her head was a picture hat of white chip, trimmed with tulle choux and liberty satin. The two bridesmaids wore similar toilettes and hats of the same design. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father. At half past nine o'clock the bride and groom departed for a wedding journey in the East. They will go first to the groom's former home in Frankfort, Ky., where a large reception will be given them by Mrs. E. P. Bryan, Sr. They will live in St. Louis.

The marriage of Miss Frances Dunn and Mr. William Guller, a retired mine-owner of Leadville, Colorado, took place Monday afternoon at five o'clock, at the residence, 4400 Washington boulevard, Reverend Father Bronseest, of St. Xavier's Church officiating. The bride was gowned in white organdie with point lace trimmings. Miss Rosalie M. Dunn, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Maurice A. Phillips acted as best man. A reception from 8 to 11 o'clock followed the ceremony. Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Jno. Wahl, Hy. Greve, P. J. Pauly, Jr., Sikemier, Robt. Morrison, Jno. A. Peck, Wm. Pickel, Chas. Kunkle, F. Eickenauer, Frank Seifert, J. H. Hubert, H. Feldman, Wm. Keane, Thos. Rice, Dwyer, Wm. Grant, Mrs. Josephine M. Moloney: Misses: Grace Guller, of Raymond, Ill., Rosalie M. Dunn, Anna Pickel, Marguerite Pickel, Lillian Lightner, Mabel Belcher, Adelaide and Marguerite Von Windegger, Bessie Greve, Florence Morrison, Adelaide Kunkel, Eleanor Heyner, Drs. M. Yarnell and Chas. Diggs, Messrs: Jno. B. Wahl, S. C. Bunn, Carl Kunkel, Hahn, Jno. Morrison, Wm. and Fred Pickel, Robt. Morrison, Fritz Von Windegger, Guller, of Raymond, Ill., David F., Robt. E., Frank T. and Alexis I. Moloney.



This is the season of June brides. And no June bride is well outfitted for her wedding journey unless she has in her baggage several pairs of fine shoes such as are to be found nowhere but at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis. Swope's shoes are the best for everybody, best in fit, finish, durability, best in price because they are of the very best quality of material and workmanship. To wear Swope's shoes is to declare oneself dressed up to date.



PAINFUL POLITENESS.

There is a law in Austria which makes it a very serious offence to insult a public official, or even to offend his dignity in any way. Public officials include all railway employees, from traffic director to porter, policemen, tram-way drivers and conductors and municipal street cleaners. Recently an electric tram-car ran into an omnibus and overturned it. One of the omnibus passengers, Frau Sidome Lank, wife of a well known doctor in Vienna, was badly cut and received a severe shock to her nerves, which prostrated her for weeks. After the collision, in her alarm and pain, she cried, referring to the driver of the electric car: "The wretched fellow, why couldn't he stop sooner?" For this expression she was summoned and sentenced to a fine of \$7.65 "for insulting a public official."



HUSBAND—"To-day I met a gentleman who told me he was engaged to you at one time."

WIFE—"What did you say?"

HUSBAND—"I congratulated him, of course."

IF YOU WANT...

A GOOD WATCH

HERE IT IS.

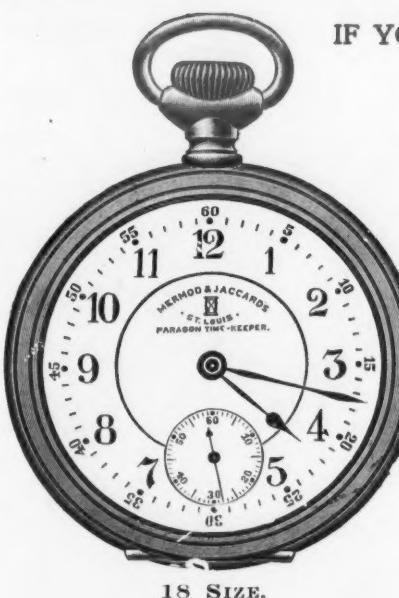
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"Paragon Time-Keeper."

The best watch for precision ever made. 14k Solid Gold Cases, 21 ruby jewels, expansion balance, adjusted to heat, cold and position.

PRICE, \$77.00

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18 SIZE.

Mermod & Jaccard's, on BROADWAY,
Cor. Locust St.

Write for CATALOGUE—3,500 Engravings—Mailed Free.

the dignified Secretary of War, who has some boys of his own, did not catch himself before he said something or other was "all skeeky."

WHY A WOMAN CANNOT "THROW."

In the "Day-Book of the late Professor John Stuart Blackie," just published, the following is a portion of his "Litany Nigelli," included in the work:

From beggars for my clients, from fools for my worshippers, and from sluts for my servants,

Good Lord, deliver me.

From the impertinence of youthful critics, from the vanity of small poets, and from the unreasoned giggles of silly young ladies,

Good Lord, deliver me.

From the barren subtlety of lawyers, from the slippery shiftiness of politicians, and from the blind restlessness or calculated selfishness of commercial speculators,

Good Lord, deliver me.

From a man that simmers sweetly, from a woman that laughs loudly, and from a young woman ambitious to play the young man,

Good Lord, deliver me.

From a scholar who smells of books, from a sportsman who smells of horses, and a mother who smells of babies,

Good Lord, deliver me.

From genius without sense, from talent without love, and from creeds without humanity,

Good Lord, deliver me.

From a spinner of fine phrases, a spinner of senseless rhymes, and a woman who paints,

Good Lord, deliver me.



ABDUCTED THE ARTIST.

Lisbon has been thrilled by the abduction of a young artist by a Brazilian countess.

The story goes that the countess, who is of imperious nature, fell in love with the artist, who is remarkable for his good looks. The lady wooed the youth, but he proved cold. Invitations to her house were scorned, her amatory epistles were returned unopened. At length the lady sent her servants into the streets, who kidnaped the young man, conveying him in a carriage to the countess' home.



"ALL SKEEKY"

The National Capital is delighted with a new slang phrase. When anything, from the lie of a ball on a golf link to the fit of a dinner gown, is all right, correct, excellent, it is, in the terms of the new slang, "all skeeky." The schoolboys got it from no one knows where, and now everyone uses it. Recently

It's a honor to get nicely tanned during the summer, but to keep your skin soft and avoid the freckles, little Pozzoni's Brunette Complexion Powder—just the color—is necessary. Sample free. Box 50 cents.

BUT ONE GEN INE—

Pozzoni's
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION POWDER
JA. POZZONI CO.
NEW YORK or ST. LOUIS

THE COMPTON SCHOOL
FOR THE

Physiological Training of Children
of Retarded Mentality,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Will open Wednesday, September 4th, 1901.
For particulars, address,

MISS FANNY A. COMPTON,
4562 Scott Avenue, St. Louis.

After the theater, before the matinee
or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

of the St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to
ladies for the quiet elegance of its
appointments, its superior cuisine
and service and refined patronage.

The Mirror

**MEN'S
Blue
Serge
Suits
\$12 and \$15**

Made in our workrooms by superior tailors—painsaking, intelligent men, who never permit a garment to leave their hands that isn't the top notch in every detail.

If these claims make any point in your consideration these Suits at \$12 and \$15 will gain your quick approval and for us your continued favor.

Young Men—We have exceptionally attractive styles for you.

**Mills & Averill,
BROADWAY AND PINE.**

THE MIRROR SHORT STORY.

DEAD LOVE.

AN EARLY STORY BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

About the time of the great troubles in France, that fell out between the parties of Armagnac and of Burgundy, there was slain in a fight in Paris a follower of the Duke John, who was a good knight called Messire Jacques d'Aspremont. This Jacques was a very fair and strong man, hardy of his hands, and before he was slain he did many things wonderful and of great courage, and forty of the folk of the other party he slew, and many of these were great captains, of whom the chief and the worthiest was Messire Olivier de Bois-Perce; but at last he was shot in the neck with an arrow, so that between the nape and the apple the flesh was cleanly cloven in twain. And when he was dead his men drew forth his body of the fierce battle, and covered it with a fair woven cloak. Then the people of Armagnac, taking good heart because of his death, fell the more heavily upon his followers, and slew very many of them. And a certain soldier, named Amaury de Jacqueville, whom they called Courtebarbe, did best of all that party; for, crying out with a great noise, "Sus, sus!" he brought up the men after him, and threw them forward into the hot part of the fighting, where there was a sharp clamor; and this Amaury, laughing and crying out as a man that took a great delight in such matters of war, made of himself more noise with smiting and with shouting than any ten, and they of Burgundy

were astonished and beaten down. And when he was weary, and his men had got the upper hand of those of Burgundy, he left off slaying, and beheld where Messire d'Aspremont was covered up with his cloak; and he lay just across the door of Messire Olivier, whom the said Jacques had slain, who was also a cousin of Amaury's. Then said Amaury:

"Take up now the body of this dead fellow, and carry it into the house; for my cousin Madame Yolande shall have great delight to behold the face of the fellow dead by whom her husband has got his end, and it shall make the tiding sweeter to her."

So they took up this dead knight Messire Jacques, and carried him into a fair chamber lighted with broad windows, and herein sat the wife of Olivier, who was called Yolande de Craon, and she was akin far off to Pierre de Craon, who would have slain the Constable. And Amaury said to her:

"Fair and dear cousin, and my good lady, we give you for your husband slain the body of him that slew my cousin; make the best cheer that you may, and comfort yourself that he has found a good death and a good friend to do justice on his slayer; for this man was a good knight, and I that have revenged him account myself none of the worst."

And with this Amaury and his people took leave of her. Then Yolande, being left alone, began at first to weep grievously, and so much that she was heavy and weary; and afterward she looked upon the face of Jacques d'Aspremont, and held one of his hands with hers, and said:

"Ah, false thief and coward! it is great pity thou wert not hung on a gallows, who hast slain by treachery the most noble knight of the world, and to me the most loving and the faithfulest man alive, and that never did any courtesy to any man, and was the most single and pure lover that ever a married lady had to be her knight, and never said any word to me but sweet words. Ah, false coward! there was never such a knight of thy kin."

Then considering his face earnestly, she saw that it was a fair face enough, and by seeming the face of a good knight; and she repented of her bitter words, saying with herself:

"Certainly this one, too, was a good man and valiant," and was sorry for his death.

And she pulled out the arrow-head that was broken, and closed up the wound of his neck with ointments. And then beholding his dead open eyes, she fell into a great torrent of weeping, so that her tears fell all over his face and throat. And all the time of this bitter sorrow she thought how goodly a man this Jacques must have been in his life, who being dead had such power upon her pity. And for compassion of his great beauty she wept so exceedingly and long that she fell down upon his body in a swoon. embracing him, and so lay the space of two hours with her face against his; and being awaked she had no other desire but only to behold him again, and so all that day neither ate nor slept at all, but for the most part lay and wept. And afterward, out of her love, she caused the body of this knight to be preserved with spice, and made him a golden coffin open at the top, and clothed him with the fairest clothes she could get, and had this coffin always by her bed in her chamber.

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And when this was done she sat down over against him and held his arms about her neck, weeping, and she said.

"Ah, Jacques! although alive I was not worthy, so that I never saw the beauty and goodness of your living body with my sorrowful eyes, yet now being dead, I thank God that I have this grace to behold you.

Alas, Jacques! you have no sight now to discern what things are beautiful, therefore you may now love me as well as another,

for with dead men there is no difference of women. But, truly, although I were the fairest of all Christian women that now is, I were in nowise worthy to love you; nevertheless, have compassion upon me that for your sake have forgotten the most noble husband of the world."

And this Yolande, that made such complaining of love to a dead man, was one of the fairest ladies of all that time, and of great reputation; and there were many good

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men that loved her greatly, and would fain have had some favor at her hands; of whom she made no account, saying always that her dead lover was better than many lovers living. Then certain people said that she was bewitched; and one of these was Amaury. And they would have taken the body to burn it, that the charm might be brought to an end; for they said that a demon had entered in and taken it in possession; which she hearing fell into extreme rage, and said that if her lover were alive, there was not so good a knight among them, that he should undertake the charge of that saying; at which speech of hers there was great laughter. And upon a night there came into her house, Amaury and certain others, that were minded to see this matter for themselves. And no man kept the doors; for all her people had gone away, saving only a damsel that remained with her; and the doors stood open, as in a house where there is no man. And they stood in the doorway of her chamber, and heard her say this that ensues:—

"O most fair and perfect knight, the best that ever was in any time of battle, or in any company of ladies, and the most courteous man, have pity upon me, most sorrowful woman and handmaid. For in your life you had some other lady to love you, and were to her a most true and good lover; but now you have none other but me only, and I am not worthy that you should so much as kiss me on my sad lips, wherein is all this lamentation. And though your own lady were the fairer and the more worthy, yet consider, for God's pity and mine, how she has forgotten the love of your body and the kindness of your espousals, and lives easily with some other man, and is wedded to him with all honor; but I have neither ease nor honor, and yet I am your true maiden and servant."

And then she embraced and kissed him many times. And Amaury was very wroth, but he refrained himself; and his friends were troubled and full of wonder. Then they beheld how she held his body between her arms, and kissed him in the neck with all her strength; and after a certain time it seemed to them that the body of Jacques moved and sat up; and she was no whit amazed, but rose up with him, embracing him. And Jacques said to her:

"I beseech you, now that you would make a covenant with me, to love me always."

And she bowed her head suddenly, and said nothing.

Then said Jacques:

"Seeing you have done so much for love of me, we twain shall never go in sunder; and for this reason has God given back to me the life of my mortal body."

And after this they had the greatest joy together, and the most perfect solace that may be imagined; and she sat and beheld him, and many times fell into a little quick laughter for her great pleasure and delight.

Then came Amaury suddenly into the chamber, and caught his sword into his hand, and said to her:

"Ah, wicked leman, now at length is come the end of thy horrible love and of thy life at once;" and smote her through the two sides with his sword, so that she fell down, and with a great sigh full unwillingly delivered up her spirit, which was no sooner fled out of her perishing body, but immediately the soul departed also out of the body of her lover, and he became as one that had been all those days dead. And the next day the people caused their two bodies to be burned openly in the place where witches were used to be burned; and it is reported by some that an evil spirit was seen to come out of the mouth of Jacques d'Aspremont, with a most pitiful cry, like the cry of a hurt beast. By which thing all men knew that the soul of this woman, for the folly of her sinful and most strange affection, was thus evidently given over to the delusion of the evil one and the pains of condemnation.

* * *

RECIPE FOR BOY BABIES.

Dr. Schenck has published a second book on the determination of sex. He prescribes a preliminary diet of albuminous foods before treatment begins for women desirous of male children. The diet is as follows:

First Breakfast—Cup of milk, with no sugar, and biscuits.

Second Breakfast—Lean ham, underdone, and a roll.

Dinner—A little soup, a quantity of roasted meat; no potatoes, peas, beans or lentils as vegetables; no pudding or fruit; some cheese, a little salted.

Supper—Fresh roast meat, cheese, a little bread and an apple; three glasses of water daily, with a little white wine.

Dr. Schenck presents twenty-one successful cases in addition to the fifteen mentioned in his first book, and says any woman may adopt the method with the aid of her family doctor.—*Medical Visitor*.

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Ever meet a fidgety man?
Ever stop to think WHY
He appears so uneasy?
Nine times out of ten
You are safe in betting
A gold dollar to a mutilated transfer
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His coat collar bobs up to his
Ears when he sits down—
Or the front crease in his trousers
Has an insane desire to rest
Upon his ankle bone—
Perhaps 'tis simply the waistcoat
That causes the trouble,
And when it slips from under
His coat collar and taps him
Affectionately on the lower
Extremity of his left ear,
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The Mirror

SUMMER SHOWS.

AT THE DELMAR.

Helen Bertram, beautiful of figure, beautiful of face, in fine spirits, in fine voice, is the *Cleopatra* in Smith and Herbert's "Wizard of the Nile," which is being sung at Delmar Garden this week. The famous prima donna has rarely appeared to better advantage in St. Louis, than in this opera, although the part does not call for the dash and vigor we all are wont to associate with the Bertram impersonations.

Her clear, vibrant soprano, tastefully and skillfully employed, is well suited to Victor Herbert's mellifluous measures; she moves about with easy grace and her superb form is set off by the diaphanous drapery of the Oriental costume worn by the Egyptian Princess.

Blanche Chapman, in a flaming wig beside which Mrs. Carter's glowing locks would seem dull, is immensely clever as the Queen, *Simona*. She is a first class comedienne, of considerable versatility, and, judging from the way she manipulated her voice in the awkward musical intervals in the score on Sunday night, she could teach many a more pretentious singer some vocal tricks. The Chapman's erstwhile prima donna experience stands her in good stead now.

Agnes Paul, who made *Abydos* a very attractive boy, is a new comer. She is certain to make a success. To be sure, she has not overmuch voice, but she has personality, manner, dash; her figure is round and trim, her face pretty and expressive, and she has a particularly infectious smile.

Fred Frear is the *Wizard*. He works overtime. If he fails to amuse the audience, it is certainly not for the lack of earnest, conscientious effort. He works hard to please, and, as his labor is met with occasional ripples of mild mirth and gentle hand-clapping, it is not entirely in vain.

Eddie Clark is in the show, which is a good thing for the show, but he has little opportunity to show his splendid baritone, which is a bad thing for the show. However, next week, he will tell us in song of the joys of a soldier's life, and of the grief of a "heart bowed down by weight of woe."

Another good thing in the possession of the Delmar Company is a tenor, a *real* tenor, with a fine rich quality of voice, a little technique, and fairly good style. Harold Gordon is his name.

A basso named John Martin, plays the *King of Egypt*. He will do.

The stately, statuesque, Miss Johnson, is the Captain of the Amazons. She is pleasantly remembered from the early days of Castle Square Opera at Music Hall. Many faces familiar to Music Hall habitues are seen in the chorus. In fact the company and performance savor strongly of the Castle Square. Frank Darling is in the conductor's chair, and Ritter's artistic hand painted the handsome scenery. The genial Southwell, the elder, is omnipresent; the gigantic Southwell, the younger, is in the box-office, and the esteemed Mr. Spamer is much in evidence; all this recalls Castle Square days.

The stage-management—but we will let that pass; Temple, the great, the compelling, arrives to-day, and then comments on stage directing will be pleasant reading.

AT THE CAVE.

Uhrig's Cave is having the most prosperous opening week in its history.

Maude Lillian Berri and Frank Moulan are the cause.

The "Merry Monarch" is an awful affair, and without these two people it would be one of the deadest shows on record. With Moulan and Berri it is a funny and interesting entertainment.

Frank Moulan needs to be discovered. His light, so far, has been hidden under the Castle Square bushel. What a find he would be for an enterprising manager with a comic production on his hands, designed to amuse New York's Broadway! Moulan is the best comic opera comedian in the business. This has been said before in these columns, but every new role he essays brings this fact so forcibly to mind that it is impossible not to reiterate. His performance of *King Anso* is unqualifiedly one of the best things on record in this line. He delivers the lines with so much unctuous humor, that he imparts to them, seemingly, a wit they do not possess, he sings amazingly well, his action is greased lightning, and his dancing wonderfully clever. And then he never does too much. He is what may be called a gentlemanly comedian, pleasantly free from vulgarity, and always in good taste. He plays *Prince Paul* in "The Grand Duchess" next week, and, unless the present reviewer is making a great mistake of judgment, it will be a very different *Prince Paul* from the freak usually seen.

But to the starred Miss Berri! She has little to do but sing a gay waltz, which she does dashing, and wears three handsome male costumes, which she does with *eclat*.

Berri has a strong hold on the affections of the St. Louis public, and "makes good" in any role. She has an indescribable personal charm, as potent as that which made Marie Tempest famous, and endears herself to an audience by reason of herself as much as for her work. Her wide-open, expressive eyes and her happy laugh are instantaneous friend-makers.

Steiger, who has become a fixture at the Cave, is as satisfactory as ever as *Sirocco*. He makes-up artistically, and his comedy methods are taking.

The tenor of the company has nothing to do but sing a ballad, in the rendition of which he discloses vocal art and a fine voice.

As for the work of the other principals engaged in this production—throw up your hands!

The opera is put on in more ambitious style than anything that has been seen at the Cave. The scenery is fine and new, the costumes rich and pretty, the chorus strong and splendidly drilled.

Altogether, the Cave has the brightest prospects for the summer season.

HANLEY AT KOERNER'S.

That is a really fair performance of the Hanley-Ravold company, at Koerner's. "As You Like It" is a play that's always as you like it, especially in summer time. Mr. Hanley is, personally, of a more engaging manner than ever before. He appears to excellent advantage in the leading male role, though it would be more to his advantage if his voice were in better condition. Mr. Ravold's share in the entertainment is capably taken care of, and all the other participants are doing their level best. The Hanley following has not fallen off either in numbers or enthusiasm, and the young man is even more of a local favorite than ever before. The Koerner's show will run better a little later on, when the company fits together more closely.

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BOOKS.

Some Special Prices, of interest to those who haven't read the following:

"A Furnace of Earth,"

By Hallie Revis. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, says of this book—"It is to be hoped that every woman who is striving to crucify her body and to live wholly in her spirit, while yet in the flesh, will read, "A Furnace of Earth." Regular price \$1.25, Grand Leader Special Price 75c

Of course we have "The Crisis," "The Helmet of Navarre," "Tarry Thou Till I Come," and all the other new books, and always a trifle cheaper than any one else.

GRAND LEADER
BROADWAY AND WASHINGTON.

The entertainment by Mr. Guy Lindsley and his pupils at the Olympic, on Thursday evening, May 30th, was a great success. The programme was well chosen and admirably acted. The first play, "Fennel," by Jerome K. Jerome, afforded Mr. Martin R. Sweeny opportunity for the display of dramatic power. A picturesque figure was the "Sandro" of Mr. Albert S. McCloskey. Mr. Harry M. Coontz did good character work as "Taddeo Ferrari," and Miss Minnie Nye pleased her audience as "Giannina." In "Nance Oldfield," the second number, Miss Catherine Niehaus adequately handled a difficult role. The "Susan Oldfield," of Miss Nancy Gerardi, was one of the features of the evening. Mr. McCloskey was effective as "Alexander Oldworthy," and Mr. Edwin H. Wilson, as "Nathan Oldworthy," "Pygmalion and Galatia," by W. S.

Gilbert brought the program to a close. Mr. Lindsley played "Pygmalion." Miss Reeves, Coghton was a statuesque "Galatea," Miss Benham, as "Cynisca," displayed emotional powers. "Myrine" was finely played by Miss Emil Woods. Miss Catherine Niehaus was an excellent "Daphne." Mr. J. Andy Baker was a forceful "Leucippe." Mr. Ernest A. Blanke won favor for his "Chrysos." Signor Guido Parisi's violin solos, during the intermissions, delighted the audience. Mr. Lindsley will continue his teaching throughout the summer.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

It will interest the fair sex of St. Louis, among whom Maude Lillian Berri has a legion of admirers to know that at the afternoon performance at Uhrig's Cave on Saturday next, every lady in the audience will be presented with a handsome autograph photogravure portrait of the popular prima donna. The management of the Cave have given to the occasion the title of "The Berri Welcome Matinee," as it will enable the fair songstress' friends to take the opportunity of greeting her on her first appearance as a full-fledged operatic star. The bill for next week, commencing Sunday evening, June 9th, will be "The Grand Duchess," and Balfé's ever popular and tuneful work, "The Bohemian Girl," is underlined for the week of June 16th. It was as "Arline" in this opera that Miss Berri scored her first marked success in St. Louis.

The second week of the Suburban Garden's season opened Sunday with monster attendances afternoon and evening. The strong vaudeville bill, headed by the Nawns in two sketches, received a warm welcome. The electric fountain was in play, and with the living pictures and the accompanying electrical effects, and the orchestral concert on the Cafe Caesar veranda, proved popular attractions. The fountain will play regularly hereafter, following the evening theatrical performance. The Suburban is a great resort for family parties and groups for al fresco lunches and dinners. The grand ballet, Mlle. Maveroffer, premiere, has proved a drawing card, and a new ballet will be given next week. The Nawns will stay another week. There will be four big vaudeville acts; the De Laur-Debrimont trio; Miss Alice Pierce, in imitations after the manner of Cissy Loftus; Torcat, the grotesque musical wonder, and Billy Van, the well-known minstrel. The park is free, with nominal charges for seats at the show. The incidental attractions are numerous. The Cafe Caesar is first-class.

A great deal of high-class music is on the week's programme for Forest Park Highlands, and the funny and grotesque features are not overlooked in the bill. The Midgets are attracting the attention of old and young, and the children are more than made happy, when, after each performance, the wee Orientals mingle with the audiences and sit under the trees to drink their beer. Miss Bonnie Hoyt, the Misses Duke and Harris are the vocalists, and Torcat dresses up his grotesque act with singing and splendid clarinet playing. The French vaudeville man is an artist of the first water in constructing his part, properties and all. Next week's bill includes the charming Cheridah Simpson, an aggregation of operatic singers, the eight Comallas, greatest of all male and female gymnasts, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Jones in a clever sketch, the four Hunting, and, as welcome repeaters, Henrietta Duke and Mabel Harris, who are the vocal hit of this week. Since the Mystic Maze has been introduced at the Highlands, quite a number of visitors take their "constitutional" in that way, afternoons and evenings.

The Delmar Opera Company will present during the week beginning with Sunday, June 9th, Michael William Balfé, the Irish composer's world-favorite romantic composition, "The Bohemian Girl." The choice was made by Manager Southwell for the sake of contrast. To accommodate the ladies Mr. Southwell has arranged that the only matinee, Saturday, shall not begin until 2.15, and the matinee performance will not be cut. The Bohemian Girl will introduce in very congenial roles Helen Bertram, Agnes Paul, Blanche Chapman, Vera Johnston, Mae Darling, Olive Vail, and the comedian, Fred Frear; the vocal, John Martin; the romantic tenor, Harold Gordon; the baritone, Eddie A. Clarke, and other capables; besides that shapely and voiceful chorus. Cheerful information comes that Mr. E. P. Temple, of the Castle Square Opera Company, will have charge of the stage next week. He will take over the rehearsals as soon as he arrives in the city.

After the "Bohemian Girl" comes Willard Spenser's great work, "Princess Bonnie."

Beginning with a matinee on Sunday, Messrs. Hanley and Ravold will present, at Koerner's Garden Theater, a great double bill, "A Lover's Sacrifice" and "The Widow Hunt." The former is a one-act drama, from the French, while "The Widow Hunt" is said to be a rollicking three-act comedy. In "The Widow Hunt," Mr. Hanley will be seen as Felix Featherly, "everybody's friend," a character particularly suited to him. The character of Major Wellington De Boots, will be in the hands of Mr. Ravold, while Miss Kemble, Miss Esmond, Mr. Snader, Mr. Rising, and all the favorites in the company will have prominent parts. Both plays will be staged and costumed on an elaborate scale, and the lighting effects will be unique and original.

The "Home of Folly" is attracting good-sized audiences, Harry Morris' Burlesque Co., in "Mormon Wives," presenting a programme that draws. Next week the "Silly Dinner Trial" will be the attraction. The Standard is the coolest place in town, in spite of its hot shows. The attendance increases as the season grows warmer.

HER HUSBAND'S TYPEWRITER.

Mr. Arthur Tapes was showing Mrs. Arthur Tapes the wonders of Mammon's zoology in Wall street at the close of business on the day following the end of their wedding tour.

"Who are all these young ladies I see on the street?" asked Mrs. Tapes.

"They are typewriters from the hundreds of offices around here," answered her husband.

That was all that was said on that phase of life in the "street" until Mr. Tapes and his bride were enjoying dinner in their cosy Harlem flat.

"Have you a typewriter?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, and again the subject was dropped.

The next morning at a quarter past 10 o'clock Mrs. Arthur Tapes entered the office of Mr. Arthur Tapes and approached a baldheaded clerk.

"Is Mr. Tapes in?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. He is busy with his typewriter in the next room," he answered, as he pointed with his left elbow to a partially open door. "Shall I call him?"

"No! I will wait," replied Mrs. Tapes, as she took a seat that gave the best possible view of the open door.

It was a most provoking view, for it gave Mrs. Tapes only a glimpse of Mr. Tapes' side elevation as he straightened in his chair from a frequent leaning position, apparently toward the typewriter. Then the distance was such that she could hear the sound of his low voice without catching the words.

In a few minutes she moved her chair nearer, which did not help her view, but made the voice more distinct. Mr. Tapes leaned so far forward that he was entirely out of sight, and Mrs. Tapes showed agitation by rapidly tapping the floor with her right foot. Then she arose and approached the busy, smooth-pated clerk.

"What is the name of Mr. Tapes' typewriter?" she asked.

"Hannah."

She returned to her chair and drew it a little nearer the door as she sat down. She saw her husband standing, and then disappear as he stepped behind the typewriter. She heard him laugh, a low laugh that she had delighted in. Then she heard him speak, with some emphasis.

"I have had my vacation," he said, "and now you must have yours. I hope you will have as fine a time as we had when we took our vacation together last summer."

Mrs. Tapes sprung from her seat, thrust

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BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

the door wide open, and entered. Mr. Tapes stood with both hands affectionately on his typewriter's shoulder, and the two turned quickly toward her as she entered.

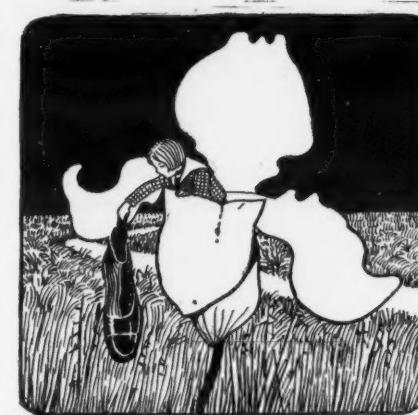
"Why, Mary, how you startled me," he said. "I didn't expect to see you here. What a pleasant surprise. Allow me to introduce my typewriter to you. Mr. Hannah, this is Mrs. Tapes. You see, my dear, Mr. Hannah has grown gray in Wall street. I had my initiation in his office, and though he taught me well, like many others, he has met with disappointment.

Mrs. Tapes grasped the old man's extended hand, and sunshine of relief dispelled clouds of suspicion from her pretty face.—*N. Y. Herald*.

* * *

A \$5 A DAY COMPLEXION.

The great secret of one of Paris' favorite actresses has just been feloniously disclosed by a spiteful French newspaper. This actress has been "no longer young" for years. But she has the complexion of a girl of 17, much to the chagrin of her rivals and the mystification of every one who knows her. The story is afloat now that it is not the lady's own fair skin which has so marvelously withstood Time's defacing hand. The credit for the victory is said to belong to an inventive hairdresser. This great artist has made an epidermis of goldbeater's skin which is perfectly transparent and exquisitely supple. It is delicately and carefully tinted a beautiful pale blush-rose hue, and has the soft texture of the peach. The artist has turned out a stock of thousands of these wonderful masterpieces, each of which is flawless. A fresh one is worn by the actress in question every day. It absolutely escapes detection, as it fits with mathematical exactness into every dimple of the face. It cannot crack, and it yields to every movement of the face—except those produced by laughter. Thus the lady, though she cannot be boisterously merry, can smile gayly, sadly, or archly, as circumstances may require. It is to be noted (so goes the story still) that she only wears her artificial skin in private life, never on the stage, presumably owing to the fact that it would prove a serious hindrance to



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facial expression of any pronounced kind, either comic or tragic. The price which the lady is said to pay for the privilege of eternal beauty is \$5 a day.

* * *

Thackeray, anxious to enter Parliament, stood for Oxford, thinking he might win the seat from Lord Monck, who then represented it. Meeting his opponent in the street one day, he shook hands with him, had a little talk over the situation, and took leave of him with the quotation:

"May the best man win."

"I hope not," said Lord Monck, very cordially, with a kind little bow.—*Argonaut*.

The Mirror

THE STOCK MARKET.

The announcement that the warring Northern Pacific-Union Pacific factions had settled their differences has resulted in a resumption of bullish activity and a noteworthy enlargement of transactions. About ten days ago, the daily sales did not exceed 700,000 shares, while at the present time they are once more in excess of 1,500,000. There is indeed reason to expect still more activity and a further expansion in transactions, as the public is willing to adopt the buying side once more and to return to its former favorites. While the new outburst of bull enthusiasm is perfectly justified, it was not expected to set in until late in the summer. It seems that the amicable settlement of the Northern Pacific difficulties has engendered an impression that prices will quickly return to the level reached before the late panic, and that the multifarious bull pools will try to establish new top-prices for many leading stocks.

As has been stated in these columns last week, there was nothing in the legitimate situation to warrant such a tremendous decline as that witnessed on the 9th ult. General business is all that could be desired; bank clearances are still materially flourishing, and railroad earnings are simply marvellous. The most remarkable showing made by any railroad lately is that of the Southern Pacific for the month of April, disclosing a net gain in revenues, compared with the corresponding month of 1900, of almost \$730,000. Since July 1st, 1900, this company shows a net gain of about \$3,500,000, so that the total surplus for the current fiscal year will exceed \$10,000,000, or more than 5 per cent. on the total capital stock. It is, therefore, no wonder that the stock displays remarkable strength and vitality, and advanced from 46, about two weeks ago, to 50 in the last few days. Readers of the MIRROR have frequently been advised to buy this stock and to hold it for much higher prices. It is bound to sell at 75, and dividends may be expected to be paid within the next few months.

The anthracite coal stocks are fulfilling predictions lately made. Reading common advanced more than 5 points since last week, and Ontario & Western, which sold at 40 $\frac{1}{4}$ before the panic, has again risen to 37 $\frac{1}{2}$. Both Stocks, as well as Erie common, may be confidently expected to get materially higher. The earnings of the anthracite coal properties are steadily expanding, and this, together with a reduction in operating expenses, a cessation of expenditures, and higher prices for coal, will necessarily make dividend-payers out of stocks that are at present looked upon with distrust on the part of timid investors and speculators. The Reading Company, for instance, in the last fiscal year, spent about \$4,250,000 for extraordinary improvements, renewals, new cars, etc. If this amount had not been taken out of net revenues, there would have been sufficient to pay the full 4 per cent on the first and second preferred, and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the common shares.

Besides this, it must not be forgotten that Morgan is still at work and perfecting his plans for a close amalgamation of all the coal properties. The Reading has already absorbed the Jersey Central; the Erie controls the Susquehanna & Western and the Pennsylvania Coal Co., and further developments along this line are certain. It is now rumored that the late big bulge in Delaware, L. & Western was not caused by buying for Gould account, but for Erie account. If

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The Crisis, Winston Churchill, \$1.20; Helmet of Navarre, Bertha Runkle, \$1.20; Sirius, Ellen T. Fowler, \$1.20; Tarry, Thou, Till I Come, George Croly, \$1.20; Sir Christopher, Maude W. Goodwin, \$1.20; A Daughter of New France, Mary C. Crowley, \$1.20; Every One His Own Way, Edith Wyatt, \$1.20; Five Years of My Life, Alfred Dreyfus, \$1.20. A line of standard and miscellaneous books at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive St.

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these two companies were to be consolidated, the Erie would be in an almost impregnable position, and certain of reaping big profits from the production and sale of coal. The buying of steamships is also ascribed to Erie interests. Morgan is undoubtedly intent upon putting the Erie into a most prominent and advantageous position. There is about \$64,600,000 of Erie preferred (including \$16,000,000 second preferred), and \$12,000,000 common stock, a total of \$176,000,000 capital stock, which cannot be regarded as excessive, when compared with the capitalization of the New York Central and Pennsylvania. Dividend-payments on the first and second preferred shares are rapidly approaching, and the common stock may receive a dividend sooner than many of us are disposed to believe at this writing.

Ontario & Western is getting very active, and is being absorbed in blocks by prominent people. There seems to be something of importance going on; on no other theory can the remarkable strength of the shares be explained. The stock is closely held, especially by the British interests, and the purchase of a few blocks of it, for bona fide investment, would quickly rush the price up from 5 to 10 points. It is one of the most attractive low-priced issues on the list.

Southern Ry. preferred and common are going higher; they gained from 2 to 5 points in the past week. The trading in the common is particularly heavy, and this is taken to indicate that advantage will soon be taken of the permission granted through a special act of the Virginia legislature, a year ago, to reduce the common stock by one-half. The preferred will most assuredly be placed upon the full 5 per cent dividend-basis in September, and it would, therefore, not be surprising to see the stock cross 100 before a great while.

Louisville & Nashville advanced about 7 points in the last two weeks, and is good for at least 10 points more. There is hardly any risk in buying it at these prices; it is a "cinch" for anybody with courage and

patience. The directors will, within a few weeks, declare the regular semi-annual dividend of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, out of the earnings of the current six months of the fiscal year. The total surplus is sufficient to pay 9 per cent on the capital stock, but the actual earning capacity is in excess of 13 per cent. Compared, for instance, with Rock Island, Louisville & Nashville, is a choice bargain at 107 or 108.

The Atchison issues are going up by leaps and bounds, and predictions are heard that the common will sell at 100 in the near future. In the absence of a specially powerful reason, it cannot be claimed that Atchison common is very attractive or cheap at 87, although it must be admitted that the surplus is sufficient for paying 6 per cent dividends upon it. The preferred, however, may be considered a good purchase at 104, in view of the assurance of 5 per cent dividends to holders. The company is certain of continued prosperity, as the crops along its lines are very good, or in a satisfactory condition.

Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific, St. Paul, Rock Island, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Big Four, New York, C. & St. Louis, Minneapolis & St. Louis, St. Louis Southwestern, Texas & Pacific and Missouri, K. & T. issues are buoyant and destined to go still higher. Illinois Central, a 6 per cent. dividend-payer, is somewhat of a laggard, but will bring up the rear, undoubtedly, in a gratifying manner to stockholders.

The industrials are likewise partaking of the general strength and activity, especially Sugar, Tobacco, Traction and U. S. Steel issues. There are numerous tips out to buy Amalgamated Copper for a big rise; various deals are hinted at, but there is nothing definite at hand. The stock pays 8 per cent. per annum, and does not appear to be too high, although conservative people will hardly care to touch it. The best thing in its favor is the fact that the Rockefellers are largely interested in it.

St. Louis Trust Co.

N. W. Cor. Fourth
and Locust Sts.

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Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon,
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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 — 104
Park	" 6	A. O. April 1, 1905	110 — 111
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr. 10, 1906	110 — 111
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	102 1/2 — 103
" " 4	"	A. O. Apr 10, 1908	105 — 107
" " 3 1/2	"	J. D. Dec., 1909	102 — 103
" " 4	"	J. J. July 1, 1918	112 — 113
" " 3 1/2	"	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 — 106
" " 3 1/2	"	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 — 106
" " 3 1/2	"	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 — 109
" " 3 1/2	"	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108 — 109
" " 4	"	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 — 110
" " 4	"	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 — 110
" " 3.65	"	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 — 108
" " 3 1/2	"	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104 — 105
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.			\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.			\$352,521,650

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 — 80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100 — 102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	97 — 100
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	— 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 — 103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	90 — 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 — 101
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mortg.	1928	101 — 102
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919	107 — 118
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 — 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 — 115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	117 — 119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.	1927	94 — 95
St. Louis Agric. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1908	100 —
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	98 — 98 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	91 — 93
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90 — 95
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 1/4 — 104 1/2
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 — 102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	98 — 101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 — 85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 3 SA	246 — 250
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 5 1/2 SA	199 — 201
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1901 6 SA	265 — 270
Continental	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	221 — 224
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5p.c.SA	250 — 253
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	165 — 175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1901, 6 SA	290 — 295
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1901, 20 SA	750 — 800
International	100	Mar. 1901 1 1/2 qy	145 — 150
Jefferson	100	Jan. 01, 3p.c SA	117 — 120
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1901, 8 SA	525 — 575
Mechanics'	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	230 — 233
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Mar. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	202 — 205
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1901, 4 SA	130 — 150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	289 — 290
South Side	100	May 1901, 8 SA	125 — 130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1901, 3 SA	135 — 138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	110 — 115
State National	100	Apr. 1901 1 1/2 qy	175 — 177
Third National	100	Apr. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	215 — 217

*Quoted 100 for par.

N. W. Cor. Fourth
and Locust Sts.

Money continues easy, and sterling exchange is lower. It is expected that the Bank of England rate will be reduced either this week or next week.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Summer dullness is gradually creeping over the local bond and stock market. Prices, however, hold their own fairly well, and there is no pressure to sell. With few exceptions, quotations are slightly higher. St. Louis Transit Co. shares are steady at 24 and 24 1/4. United Railways preferred stock gained about 3/8, while the bonds are rather scarce at 89 3/4 and 90.

Bank and Trust Co. shares remain unchanged. Third National is 215 bid, Bank of Commerce 289 bid and 290 1/2 asked. Mercantile Trust is firm, with sales at 320, while Mississippi Valley is selling at 370. Commonwealth Trust Co. is offered at 258, with 257 the best bid. There is a rather good demand for State National.

Brewery bonds are still weak, with sales at 98 and 98 1/4. At this writing 98 is bid for them. Granite-Bimetallic is 2.07 1/2 bid and 2.12 1/2 asked, while Nettie is offered at 1.07 1/2.

Local banks report a good business. Money is in demand, with interest rates at 5 and 6 per cent. New York and Chicago drafts are lower, while sterling is steady at 4.88 5/8, with Berlin at 95 5/8 and Paris at 5.15.

A LARK AT A HANGING.

E. V. Methever, the murderer of Dorothy McKee, a Long Beach girl, paid the penalty of his crime on May 10th, by being hanged in the gallows-room of the San Quentin prison. Methever was dressed in a sombre suit of black, with a white rose pinned over his heart. It was eleven minutes before Drs. Casey, Edwards and Teaby pronounced Methever dead. In the silence following the springing of the trap (says the *Argonaut*) a bird alighted on one of the barred windows of the gallows-room and burst into song. Its voice for several minutes mingled with the prayers of the priest, and it was not until a slipper from the hanged man's foot fell to the floor with a noise that the feathered chorister flew away.

Those familiar with the exquisite things of minor literature will note in the above recital of fact a coincidence with that in a sketch-essay, by Alexander Smith, entitled "A Lark's Flight," which appears in a volume all too little known, called "Dreamthorpe." The sketch-essay in question was printed in the MIRROR about four years ago.

MODERN JOURNALISM:

"I suppose that it is necessary to know what not to print?" said the inquiring friend. "Certainly it is," said the successful editor of the great daily newspaper; "if I did not know what not to print, how should I be able to print it?" —Ex.

THE RESULT

A DRESSMAKER'S TRUST.

The Dressmakers' Protective Association, organized last March, and which expects to include in its membership dressmakers from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf, has determined to adopt two very protective measures. The first of these (points out the *New York Times*) will be to protect dressmakers against those hypocritical individuals who find, after they have worn a fine new dress once or twice, that it does "not fit," and who seek to make the down-trodden dressmaker suffer. The second measure will be to send a walking delegate to Paris, and make arrangements whereby members of the dressmakers' union may be saved from paying the prohibitory prices now exacted for the newest Paris dress-models. These models now cost one hundred dollars and more each, when made of crinoline. The dressmakers' association computes that by a process of duplication, for the benefit of the members, this price can be reduced to between five dollars and ten dollars. By the operation of this plan it is expected that the use of real Paris models will become extensive throughout the country, whereas their use is now confined to the more important dressmakers of the large cities. These models from Paris come to America in two ways. The first, and by far the most expensive, is the bringing here of the dress itself in its original materials from its native French work-shop. The other is to import a crinoline model of the dress, showing its exact cuts, arrangement and general make-up. The crinoline model can then be used as a make-up plan for tissue-paper dress, which will show almost exactly how the finished garment will look. Paris guards these models with very great care. They are not evolved without long labor, and to circulate them among the highways and byways would destroy their value as "exclusive patterns." But the dressmakers of America have decided, through their union, that Paris must surrender its monopoly of these excessively valuable patterns. The union will purchase, say, one of each of a great many models, perhaps in the original material itself. From these original models crinoline models will be made in duplicate, and these will be distributed throughout the country. It is expected that where one Paris model is now imported three hundred will be brought over when this plan is in operation.

THE RESULT

"My wife and I tossed up last night to see whether she'd get a new spring bonnet or I'd get a new suit."

"Who won?"

"I did."

"What kind are you going to get?"

"Well, she hasn't decided yet whether to have it trimmed with flowers or feathers."

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Broadway and Locust street.

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Daily Balances, Subject to Check.

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FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

American Cent 25 Jan. 1900, 4 SA 48 1/2 — 50

Six Grand Races

AT FAIR GROUNDS DAILY.

Admission, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00. Races Start 2:30 P. M.

St. Louis Fair Association.

C. A. TILLES, PRESIDENT.

THE FATAL HONEYMOON.

An English journal with the symposium habit has been seriously considering the advisability of doing away with the honeymoon. It is noticeable in the opinions printed that honey clogs upon the masculine palate much more quickly than upon the feminine. "Must we sacrifice yet another leaf from life's book of romance?" wails one of the fair sex. She allows that, under some circumstances, the honeymoon may prove a failure, but thinks this could be prevented by a little forethought, a choice in the nature of the holiday. Another woman suggests the adoption of a traveling bridesmaid—not too attractive, who would "retard rather than hasten the matrimonial crash. The discretion necessary in her presence and the fear of interruption will give honeymoon love-making the best of the earlier courship and ward off boredom." The men who discuss the subject do not enthuse over the honeymoon. There is one who contends that the honeymoon is a more prolific source of broken marriages than the divorce court, that it engenders *ennui*, which produces indifference, and that this indifference is the destruction of all poetry and true happiness in married life. "The human mind," he says, "is not constructed to support the contemplation of any one object, however engaging and fascinating that object may be, for an indefinite period of time, and, inasmuch as the generality of people who marry are commonplace and unpoetic to the core, it follows that what a poet can scarce achieve the vulgar herd can hardly accomplish with flying colors. A short honeymoon is a delicate experiment. A long one is a veritable flying in the face of Providence, an act of madness for which a fussy legislature should be invited to discover a drastic remedy." There are more valuable theories exploited in the honeymoon symposium. The women are for the preservation of the romantic institution, and are prone to burst into poetry and sentiment at the very word honeymoon. The men are different. Either they have less sentiment or they lack courage of their convictions; [for, one and all, they hand in a verdict which in substance amounts to "the longer the moon the shorter the honey."]

The following entry was discovered the other day in the complaint book of a Melbourne club, which numbers several Irish men among its members:

"The hot water in the lavatory to-day was quite cold, and there was none of it."

It was in the handwriting of a well-known doctor.—*San Francisco Star.*

TIPPERARY.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folk assemble and the air is
all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant
vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets
that dance—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year.
When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden vale is smiling with a beauty
all beguiling
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multi-
ply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly
plays—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

—Dennis McCarthy.



One must be hard to please who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust



UNJUSTLY ACCUSED: Wife (3 A. M.)—"John Henry, you're drunk." John Henry—"N-no (hic) my dear; I'm only ti(hic)red. Wez my slippers?" Wife (in disgust)—"Over there beside the fire-place, where they have been since six o'clock last evening." John Henry (after wandering round for half an hour)—"Scuse me (hic) my dear. Wez the fire-place?"—*Leslie's Weekly.*



Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

SUBURBAN { ON THE HILLS.

Coolest Spot in New St. Louis.

GRAND BALLET.

Mlle. Amalia Maveroffer, Piemiere,
from La Scala, Milan.

5=Great Vaudeville Acts=5

Including the Nawns in two sketches.

Coming June 9—DE LAUR-DEBRIMONT TRIO; MISS ALICE PIERCE, the American Cissy Loftus; TORCAT, the grotesque, and the only BILLY VAN.

Highest Class Family Resort } Park Admission free.
Theatre Evgs., 10, 25, 35.
Daily Mats, free;
Reserve 10c. Absolutely Nothing higher.

ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN. SCENIC R'Y. CAESAR'S CAFE.

STANDARD

The Original Home of Folly.
Two Frolics Daily.

35 Large Electric Fans make this place Cooler than any Summer Garden.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, JUNE 2,

Harry Morris' Burlesque Co., in the

MORMON WIVES.

And an entire change of vaudeville.

NEXT WEEK

SILLEY DINNER TRIAL.

UHRIG'S CAVE

Rain or Shine.

Every Evening, 8:30. Saturday Matinee, 2:30. The STRONGEST Operatic Organization EVER seen at this POPULAR Resort—namely the

MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI OPERA CO.

Presenting the Sparkling Comic Opera

THE MERRY MONARCH

NOTE—The performance Saturday afternoon, will be a Special "BERRI WELCOME MATINEE" and every lady in the audience will be presented with a handsome AUTOGRAPH Photogravure Portrait of St. Louis' Favorite Prima Donna.

Reserved Seats on sale at A. A. Aal Cloak Co., 515 Locust st., and Ostertag Bros., Florists, Washington and Jefferson aves.

Week of Sun., June 9—THE GRAND DUCHESS.

Week of Sun., June 16—THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Forest Park Highlands.

HOPKINS' PAVILION.

Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

Week Commencing Sunday, June 2d.

The Indian Pigmies,

FATMA AND SMAUN.

Smallest Burmese Midgets in the world

THE TORCATS.

French Musical Clowns.

WAYNE AND CALDWELL.

in "To Boston on Business."

HENRIETTA DUKE and MABEL HARRIS.

Duetists.

WATERBURY BROTHERS and TENNY.

MISS BONNIE HOYT,

Ballad Singer.

Admission to Grounds Free.

Reserved Seats 25c and 10c

DELMAR GARDEN

Great Artistic and Financial Success of the

DELMAR OPERA COMPANY.

This Week, Victor Herbert's

Wizard of the Nile,

A production making a new record in midsummer opera.

NEXT WEEK, JUNE 9th,

"BOHEMIAN GIRL,"

The greatest of the modern romantic operas.

Visit the Midway—Try the Steeple-Chase and take a stroll through the streets of Cairo.

POPULAR PRICES EVERYWHERE.

Malt-Nutrine

Invaluable to Mothers.

Malt-Nutrine is especially beneficial to nursing mothers. It not only insures a speedy convalescence, but makes the baby fat and healthy. It makes rich, healthy blood and a strong and vigorous constitution. Malt-Nutrine has the unanimous endorsement of the medical profession as a true tonic and strength-builder. Malt-Nutrine is prepared by the famous Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, which guarantees the purity, excellence and merit claimed for it.

CRAWFORD'S

We Start Out Now, in this Beautiful Month of June, to give the men and women of St. Louis the par excellence Bargains of their whole lives! Our Bohemian Scout tried his luck at Beaumont and got left. He was advised to stick to his own business and leave oil alone and go digging for Linens, Domestic, Wash Goods and Linings, which he has been doing, and successfully, for the past ten days. His purchases, \$25,000.00 worth, are now to hand, and we propose to rip things wide open! Now is the hotel man's, the boarding house man's and the housekeeper's grand chance to save a mint of money!

Linens.

30 pieces Cream Table Damask, heavy quality, good patterns; importer's price 35c yard, our price while they last, yard	22½c
40 pieces 72-inch Cream Table Damask, good heavy quality, in several different patterns; manufacturer's price, 45c, while they last, yard	29c
35 pieces Cream Table Damask, 62 inches wide, all linen, and all new patterns, cost to import 55c yard, our price while they last, yard	39c
38 pieces 72-inch Cream Table Damask, all linen, good heavy quality, in a variety of good patterns to select from, manufacturers' cost 85c per yard, our price while they last, yard	69c
25 pieces Bleached Double Satin Table Damask, 72 inches wide, finest quality made, only slightly soiled, otherwise perfect; importer's price to-day \$1.50, our price while they last, yard	\$1.19
200 dozen Bleached Napkins, good patterns, all pure linen, market price is 65c per dozen, our price as long as they last, dozen.....	35c
700 dozen large-size Napkins, in dice patterns, just the thing for hotel and restaurant use; imported to sell at \$1.10 per dozen, our price while they last, dozen.....	89c
650 dozen Bleached All-Linen Napkins, ¾ size, elegant goods and good patterns; cost to import \$1.75 per dozen, our price while they last, per dozen	\$1.25
450 dozen finest quality Bleached 3-4 Napkins, beautiful patterns; importers' price to-day is \$2.25 per dozen, our price while they last, per dozen.....	\$1.50
750 White Crochet Bed Spreads, Marseilles patterns, slightly soiled; the market price to-day is \$1.00, our price while they last.....	69c
1000 good heavy Snow White Bed Spreads, beautiful patterns, large size; made to sell at \$1.19 each, our price while they last, each.....	85c
1200 White Crochet Bed Spreads, largest size, a good variety of patterns; cost to make \$1.50, our price while they last, each	98c
900 Fringed Bed Spreads, good heavy quality, large variety of patterns, imported to sell at \$1.85 each, our price while they last, each	\$1.25
1150 Colored Bed Spreads, largest size, good heavy quality, elegant patterns, manufacturer's price \$1.50 each, our price while they last	\$1.00
600 pieces Twilled Crash, some soiled on the edges, bought to sell at 5c yard, our price while they last, yard	3c
500 pieces Bleached Roman Crash, good heavy quality, manufactured to sell at 8½c yard, our price while they last, yard	5c
475 pieces extra heavy Barnsley, 20 inches, all linen, cost to import 15c yard, our price while they last.....	9c
350 pieces All-Linen Unbleached Crash, a little soiled; manufactured to sell at 12c yard, our price while they last, yard	8½c
250 pieces 25-inch Check Glass Linen, imported to sell at 17½c per yard, our price while they last, yard..	10c
750 dozen good, large size bath Towels; bought to sell at 15c each; our price while they last, each.....	8½c
750 dozen Hemstitched All-Linen Huck Towels 22x46 size; bought to sell at 40c each, our price while they last, each.....	25c
800 dozen 20x45 Bleached Huck Towels; market price to-day is 19c each, our price while they last, each.....	10c
1200 dozen Wash Cloths, good size, some a little soiled, bought to sell at 5c each, our price while they last each	2½c

Colored Dress Goods.

Tell the truth Mills, and shame the d—l. That is the way the editor wants you always to do, and save him much time and much trouble in making corrections.

5c—for good quality, dark grounds, figured Dimities, regular 10c quality.

Say 9c quality and that will be bargain enough!

8½c—for 30-inch fine quality Dimities, white and tinted grounds, in stripes and figures, regular 12½c quality. I measured them myself, Mills, and they are only 30 inches.—Ed.

10c—for 30-inch fine quality Figured Batiste, including all the new blues, greens, rose color, greys and black and white, regular 15c quality.

Mills always had a failing for the widows, and always gave them bargains.

15c—for 32 inch Irish Dimities and Fine Organza, white and colored grounds, the choicest designs to be found in the market.

More proof of it—love of widows.

15c—for 32-inch Sheer quality Grass Linen, the most popular fabric in the market for Skirts.

Keep up the good feeling, Mills.

25c—for 32-inch Mercerized Printed Foulards, very fine goods, same styles as Foulard Silks, colors fast, handsomest patterns ever shown, regular price 35c.

An elegant line of All-Wool Homespun for Skirts, ranging from 39c to 79c, in the popular grey shades.

True.

Mills says it was his private secretary who wrote the Dress Goods ad. this week! Private secretary! He is a poorer writer than Mills himself!—Ed.

Another Unfortunate on the Ragged Edge! \$50,000 worth of

WHITE GOODS.

And no weather yet to sell them in!

Pink and Blue Pique, actual value 12c, Special Price

Pretty near correct—5 per cent off.

36-inch English Nainsook, 12 yards in bolt, actual value \$1.50, Special Sale Price

\$1.10 A very little off.

Fancy-weave Oxford, with colored hair-line stripe, actual value 35c, Bargain Price

20c Fairly correct.

300 pieces long-fold India Linen, actual value 7½c, bargain at.....

4c Fairly correct.

40-inch Bishop Lawn, extra quality, worth 35c, Bargain Price

25c Correct.

Butterick's Patterns.

MILLINERY.

TRIMMED HATS.

You can have your choice of 100 Hats, which are worth \$3.98 and \$4.48; take your pick

HATS.

600 assorted shapes and colors; take your pick at.....

INFANTS' CAPS.

Tucked and French Lace effect for

CHILDREN'S HATS.

Made of Mull and Straw, on the Sombrero style, for.....

FLOWERS.

500 Bunches of Roses, Daisies, Foliage, etc., for

SKIRTS AND JACKETS.

The buyer of this Department is not unlike the buyer of the Lace Curtains and Upholstery. He was never known to smile or tell a lie. His goods are all right, but he buys too much, or, in slang phraseology, he bites off more than he can chew! Hence the following prices:

At 55c—125 dozen Ladies' Fine Wash Waists, made of striped and figured percales; also White India Lawn, nicely trimmed with insertion; worth \$1.25 up to \$1.50, our special Wash Waist bargain, 55c. You have stretched it a little there, Leslie. If you had left off the \$1.50 you would be safe.

At \$1.48—We are showing the finest Black and White Striped Dimity Wash Waists ever offered, back and front handsomely tucked, soft bishop cuffs, a bargain at \$2.50, as a flyer we only ask \$1.48. Pretty near.

At 58c—225 Wash Skirts, made of linens, piques, ducks and crashes, some trimmed with embroidery, some with braid, others plain; were \$1.25 up to \$2.75, our Wash Skirt bargain only 58c. Hope you are not falling from grace, Leslie.—Ed.

At \$3.98—We show the best English Homespun Walking Skirt ever offered in the city; this skirt is made with an 8-inch flare flounce, all tailor stitched, colors gray, Oxford and brown; a regular \$5.98 Skirt for \$3.98. Right.

At \$4.98—Ladies' stylish, up-to-date Suits, made of covert cloth, homespuns and serges; colors gray, brown and black; these suits were \$8.50 up to \$12.50, our Suit bargain \$4.98. Not higher than \$10, Leslie.—Ed.

At 95c—Children's Linen Crash Sailor Suits, just the thing to run around; trimmed with several rows of Hercules braid, deep sailor collar, gored skirt, ages 6 to 14 years; would be a bargain at \$2.50, our special price 95c. No extra charge for altering.

The writer of the above ad has the same fault as Mills; will have to hire a private secretary or go to a decent night school, but is so attached to his wife he would rather be a poor writer forever and aye than spend his evenings away from her!

REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

THE LARK ASCENDING.

He rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All interwoven and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,
Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up the wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardor, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discerned
An ecstasy to music turned,
Impelled by what his happy bill
Disperses; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renewed in endless notes of glee,
So thirsty of his voice is he,
For all to hear and all to know
That he is joy, awake, aglow,
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord,
Like myriad dew of sunny sward
That trembling into fulness shine,
And sparkle dropping argentine;
Such wooing as the ear receives
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flushed to white with shivers wet;
And such the water-spirit's chime
On mountain heights in morning's prime.
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress;
But wider over many heads
The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin;
And every face to watch him raised,
Puts on the light of children praised,
So rich our human pleasure ripes
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,
Though nought be promised from the seas,
But only a soft-ruffled breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes:
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallow brown,
The dreams of labor in the town;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will wreath,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing save the song.
Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink.
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality.
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the million's rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.
Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, men and still housing here,
Whose lives, by many a battle-dint

Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet:
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of Earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve and pass reward,
So touching purest and so heard
In the brain's reflex of you bird:
Wherefore their soul in me, or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them, that song aloft maintains,
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from him in stores,
As he to silence neares soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious making more our home,
Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.
—George Meredith.

HAROLD AND HIS PAPA.

"Papa, can I stay home from church to-day?"
"No, you cannot."
"Are you going?"
"No, sir."
"But if you are not going yourself, why do you make me go?"
"Because I am a man and you are a boy."
"Do you like to go to church?"
"Sometimes, when the service is short and the sermon is good."
"But the sermon is never good—I've heard you say that."
"Well?"
"Well, papa, honest Injun, wouldn't you rather play golf?"
"Yes, my boy, I would."
"So would I, and you are a man and I am a boy. That's funny, isn't it?"
"Yes, that's pretty funny, Harold."
"Well, now, papa, we're both of us alike about that, and yet you say I must go to church because I'm a boy and you needn't go because you are a man. Why is that?"
"That's an easy one. A man knows more than a boy."
"But did you learn all you know by going to church?"
"N-no, not exactly."
"Then, when I get as big as you, I will know just as much, even if I don't go to church at all."
"But you are going just the same."
"Why, papa?"
"Because, my son, your mother wants you to."—N. Y. Life.



Wedding stationery, correct form, best materials, finest workmanship, executed in their own shops on premises, under personal supervision. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway corner Locust.



Stage Manager—"Now, Mr. Stormer, listen to me a moment."

Bain Stoimer (the villain)—"Well, sir?"

Stage Manager—"When the heroine says to you, 'Do your worst!' that doesn't mean to act that way."



The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP." 1940-1901.

The Mirror



Hang Your Clothes Without a Wrinkle.

A Goodform Closet Set.

Saves time both in putting the clothes away and in finding them.

Saves room by doubling the capacity of the closet.

Made of Heavily Plated Spring Steel.

GENTLEMEN'S SET—Consists of 6 trouser hangers and 1 loop, 6 coat hangers and 1 bar.

Price, \$2.25, express prepaid.

LADIES' SET—Consists of 6 skirt hangers and 1 loop, 6 coat hangers and 1 bar. **Price, \$1.75, express prepaid.**

SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

The Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Werner Bros., St. Louis, Mo.
Simmons Hardware Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Joslyn Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.
Daniels & Fisher, Denver, Colo.

Palace Hardware Co., San Francisco, Cal.
GOODFORM CLOSET SET. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. If your dealer does not have them, remit direct to us. **SIX MONTHS TRIAL**—Try a set, and if not perfectly satisfied return it to us any time within six months and we will refund your money.

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Dry and Chemical Cleaning.

814 OLIVE STREET

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Forty-eight years of constant and healthful progress and growth has put this institution at the head (both in size and standing) of musical institutions in America. Comprehensive in plan, moderate in price, thorough in practice and famous for results.

GEO. W. CHADWICK, Musical Director.

Send for music and elocution catalogues.

FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

Grand Central Station,
New York.

The president of one of the great universities of New York says of it:

"Permit me to congratulate the company upon the marvelous transformation of Grand Central Station. I did not suppose there was any wand that had sufficient magic to bring out of the old station anything of such perfect adaptability and beauty."

This new palace, located in the very heart of the metropolis, is the New York terminal station of all the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

No wonder so many travel by this route. These lines comprise the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Big Four, Pittsburg & Lake Erie and Lake Erie & Western Railways.

Copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series," New York Central's books of travel and education, will be sent free, post paid, to any address on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



Grow 20 Years Younger in One Year!

He Used
Mrs. Graham's
Cactico Hair Grower
TO MAKE HIS HAIR GROW, AND
Quick Hair Restorer

TO RESTORE THE COLOR.
Both guaranteed harmless as water. Sold by best Druggists or sent in plain sealed wrapper by express, prepaid. Price, \$1.00 each.

Send for FREE BOOK: "A Confidential Chat with Bald Headed, Thin Haired and Gray Haired Men and Women." Good Agents wanted.

Mrs. GERVAISE GRAHAM, 1274 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

For sale by leading druggists everywhere.

ME'ER BROS. DRUG CO. Wholesale, St. Louis.

THE AGE OF BEST WORK.

The old discussion concerning the age at which the best literary work is done, which is going on again, recalls to the Editor of *Current Literature* the story of the ambitious writer who proved to his own satisfaction that the full fruition of human brain-power was reached in that year which used to be called the grand climacteric. Accordingly he wrote his great book at the proper time only to have it received with contempt. What to him was a mystery was solved when he discovered that his birth certificate had by mistake been two years post-dated, so that in reality he had allowed his best years to pass. The Editor goes on to say that from the debate which has long gone on upon the subject, emerges the conclusion that, while no law can be discovered as to writing in general, authors of fiction have generally done their work in maturity. De Foe was fifty-eight when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," Richardson fifty-two when "Pamela" appeared. Fielding wrote "Tom Jones" in his forty-eighth and forty-ninth years. George Eliot was forty-four when "Romola" appeared, and Thackeray thirty-six when "Vanity Fair" was published. Trollope began his work late in life, the first of his successful novels appearing in his forty-first year, Scott was forty-three when, in 1814, he wrote "Waverly"—though he was famous as a poet at the age of thirty-four. Swift was fifty-nine when he wrote "Gulliver's Travels." Apparent exceptions are found in Victor Hugo who wrote "Hans of Iceland" and "Bug-Jargal" when very young; he was capable of "Les Misérables" only at the age of sixty. Balzac produced only inferior work until he had passed thirty. The reason of course is obvious; activity of imagination, rhetorical power and general information, all of which may be possessed in comparative youth, will equip any writer but a novelist; he must have in addition to these that which ordinarily comes only with actual length of years—wide experience and observation of human life. The real exception is, of course, Charles Dickens, who, at the age of twenty-four, published a book, "Pickwick Papers," which revealed, fully developed, every characteristic of his genius. Not merely was "Pickwick Papers" an unparalleled youthful success but, its characteristics remained those of its author's later work. The fact is, that, through the abnormal experiences of his childhood, Dickens was at twenty-four, what men usually become at twice that age. In his childhood Dickens was a man in many things. It is equally true that in his manhood he remained a child in many things.

INSANE ATHLETICISM.

The country has passed through an epidemic of reckless devotion to athletics, which threatened to affect the size of the hats we wear, and make us a nation of barbarians.

Physicians have found athletics productive of many and serious diseases. Over-strained hearts and lungs, nervous shock and extensive destruction of tissue, express themselves in various ways. Sometimes the subjects are crippled for life, retaining mementoes in the way of fatty degeneration, valvular lesions, emphysema, traumatic neuroses, etc.

The time is ripe for reaction. The evil effects, both mentally, morally and physically, of the athletic craze, being in full evidence, the profession should throw the weight of its influence and opinion against its extension.

Moderate exercise is good for health, increasing oxygenation, quickening circulation, improving glandular action, assimilation and

firmer organization of tissues generally, but all violent and prolonged efforts are injurious. The self-regulating play impulse of animals and children is the natural model. The forced, straining, heaving, lifting movements, using heavy machinery, prescribed by professional gymnasts, wear men out, drain the vital forces, and sacrifice powers needed in other channels.

Over-exercise is a prolific source of indigestion, insomnia and "nerves." These troubles can not be cured so long as the individual lives on the edge of physical bankruptcy through foolhardy devotion to athletics.

Many do not realize what their madness is doing for them. After a certain point, the sense of fatigue is dulled during exertion. The blood is hot, muscles supple, second wind comes, the mind is excited by emulation and competition. It seems easy to go on and on. Occasionally one drops dead, another is smitten with some obscure or intractable disease. Others emaciate but keep going, all the while suffering from a variety of symptoms whose origin they do not once suspect. Few athletes live to be old.

The physician can, and should, sound a perpetual note of warning. He is the only man whose advice is likely to be heeded or respected. Let him raise his voice, and tell the youth of America what they may expect if they do not put a curb on the athletic craze, and observe moderation in their sports, games and exercises.—*Medical Brief.*

* * *

Society stationery, Mermod & Jaccard's.

* * *

A STUNNING WHITE CLOTH GOWN.

Was it at the Pastellistes, or where was it, that we saw this lovely dress of white cloth, really one of the most exquisite things I have seen in a long time? The skirt was made with a shirred ruffle, headed with motifs of shirred ribbon. Imagine a pair of open pincers, with the small ends at the bottom and joined as though they were in one heart-shaped piece. This is the shape in which the motifs of ribbons were put on; like an X, whose lower bars were much smaller than the upper, while all the ends curled around instead of ending sharply. These motifs were quite a quarter of a yard deep above the ruffle. The space between them was filled up by the shirring of the ruffle. This would be a charming fashion for making veiling, crepe de chine, or any sort of fabric. Any shaped motifs could be used, the only point being to arrange them some way, so that when put side by side they make a space to be filled up with the shirring of the ruffle. In the cloth dress the bodice was made alternately of guipure and shirred ribbon. A wide, fancy collar of guipure finished the top. The sleeves were flowing, of guipure, barred with three rows of shirred ribbon.

* * *

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND THE SUMMER VACATION?

is the question that is uppermost in the minds of many people just at present. Why not in COLORADO or UTAH, where you can enjoy delightful scenery and invigorating climate? Very low round-trip rates will be made in JUNE, JULY, and AUGUST. The elegant service of the UNION PACIFIC, The Overland Route, provides every comfort and convenience,

For full information write to J. H. LOTHROP, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Sonnets to a Wife.

* * * *

By Ernest McGaffey.

* * * *

IN response to demand by those who read Mr. Ernest McGaffey's sequence of seventy sonnets while they were appearing in the St. Louis MIRROR, they have been put into dainty and delightful book-form.

The editor of the MIRROR, Mr. William Marion Reedy, has, at the request of the sonneteer, written a few pages of foreword for the edition.

Of this sequence of sonnets the editor of *Current Literature*, Mr. Bayard Hale, wrote an appreciation as introduction to a selection of the verses in the April issue of that periodical. In that article Mr. Hale said the sonnets celebrate "in an almost Hellenic stateliness of phrase, with a restrained jubilance, with a vigor of robust thought cast into a rare exquisiteness of form, the tranquil delights of wedded life."

"The immemorial story has been sung by the long line of poets. The transports of passion have not waited till now for description. But—this sonnet-sequence having now reached its conclusion—we record the deliberate doubt whether the sheer peace, the simple, sane, satisfying joy of wedlock has ever found nobler expression."

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experiences of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the marvel of existence, and beyond them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature."

"But under no heavier shadows than those of reverie the mated lovers walk together through fields and woods, reviewing and accepting the earth and their own natures, loving the winds, the stars and the grasses as sharers in the 'equable ecstasy' of living, loving and being loved."

"Love may have deeper fashions. The element of tragedy may be necessary to glorify it utterly. Love may be a finer thing when it strengthens itself and loves the more because it is unrequited, because it is undeserved, because it is unavailing—gathering out of some such splendid sorrow its crown of joy. But of its serener and more desired delights we have now an expression which is, as the MIRROR declares, 'wholly sweet and reconciling.'"

Such an appreciation from such an authoritative source justifies the further assertion by another critic that no such body of original verse has been put forth in America in the last quarter of a century or more. Every one will wish to read

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

The price of the volume is \$1.25.

Address, WILLIAM MARION REEDY,

The Mirror, St. Louis.

The Mirror

To THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AND NIAGARA FALLS.

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Has its own rails and is the shortest line from Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago.

To BUFFALO AND THE FALLS.

Stop-overs given at both points on all tickets.

Only line from St. Louis, via Niagara Falls. It crosses Detroit River, one of the most beautiful rivers of America.

For Descriptive Matter, Rates, etc., call on nearest Wabash Ticket Agent, or address C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, ST. LOUIS.

A HIGH-CLASS OYSTER HOUSE AND RESTAURANT,
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
IS MILFORD'S, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVEN
AND TWO HUNDRED
AND NINE NORTH SIXTH STREET NEAR OLIVE.



EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS. A \$7.00 BOOK

THE Book of the Century. Handsomely Illustrated by thirty-two of the World's Greatest Artists. But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Stores) 180 Monroe St., Chicago. If you wish to send postage, enclose 10c.

Mention the MIRROR, as Adv. is inserted as our contribution.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscribe any amount desired. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle donor to his daintily artistic volume "FIELD FLOWERS" (cloth bound, \$2.00) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.



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Full information cheerfully furnished on application.

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New Fast Train
TO
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The new train leaves St. Louis 9:00 a. m. daily. The evening train to same points, 10:10 p. m. daily. DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE.

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS
TO
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Excursion tickets now on sale. For further information, address H. F. BERKLEY, P. & T. Agt., N. W. Cor. Broadway and Olive St.

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